

LONDON SOCIETY.

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THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERSLEIGH.



'WELL, Biggs, what is the matter? You look important this morning.'

Biggs swelled in majestic silence, deposited the muffin-dish on the table with as near an approach to emphasis as he dared, and was in the act of retreating, when the young lady standing at one of the open windows looked up from her newspaper to say—

'Aunt Dora, these burglaries are becoming quite alarming; they are travelling in our direction, I think, too; there was one at Woodthorpe

only three nights ago—close to us, you know—'

The temptation to cap this piece of news quite overcame Mr. Biggs' wounded dignity, and he opened his lips and spoke.

'And one, Miss Lucy, at Willow Lodge last night, for the postman brought the news this morning with the letters.'

'Dear, dear!' said Mrs. Selwyn. 'I hope poor Miss Jenkins and Miss Araminta came to no harm.'

'The family, ma'am, was not molested,' answered Biggs with solemn

nity, 'but everything the villains could lay hands on was carried off, and no traces of them hasn't been discovered up to the present moment!'

'Really, Aunt Dora, it is serious. You know we are two lone women as well as Miss Jenkins and her sister. Suppose they take a fancy to visit us next?'

'Well, Lucy, what can I do? Is the case urgent enough for me to write over to the barracks, and ask Colonel Patteson to send us an agreeable captain and lieutenant, with a party of soldiers warranted sober and not given to flirting, to garrison poor old Eversleigh for a while?'

'I know you are as brave as a lion, auntie dear, but still I think this is not a laughing matter. What could you or I do—or even Biggs—'

'The very first thing these rascals does, Miss Lucy, when they get into a house, is to lock the men servants, if there is any, into their rooms; so that, you see—'

'Well, well, Biggs, that would be of the less consequence, as I am sure if they omitted to turn the key on you, you would do it on yourself,' said Mrs. Selwyn with a twinkle in her eyes that merged into a laugh as Biggs retreated. 'There, Lucy,' she went on, 'don't look so serious, and I will have all the plate packed up to-day and sent in a most ostentatious manner to my bankers, if that will give you peace of mind.'

Miss Lucy Gresham continued to discuss her breakfast with a very half-satisfied look on her pretty face, which Mrs. Selwyn observing went on—

'And I'll tell you what I can do as well, if that is not precaution enough. You remember Jack Eversleigh? he is at home now on leave, and I'll write him a line to come down here for a week or two, with his "long sword," revolvers, and all his "bold dragoon" paraphernalia, and mount guard over two unprotected females. It will be quite in Jack's way, or would have been once upon a time. You have not forgotten Jack?'

'I don't remember him very

well,' answered Miss Lucy, bestowing a good deal of attention on her breakfast-cup. 'Hasn't he turned out very wild? Mary Selden told me something of that sort, I think.'

"Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," my dear. It has always been the fashion in Jack's family to give the lad credit for being everything he ought not to be, and so really to make him some things he would not otherwise have been. I don't know exactly what amount, or what kind of iniquity is comprehended in the word "wild;" it is certain Jack has always been called a scapegrace; it is equally certain that I believe a truer gentleman, or kinder heart, does not bear her Majesty's commission to-day!'

Mrs. Selwyn's eyes sparkled, and her fair old cheek coloured, as she spoke. Childless herself, she was very fond of her late husband's favourite nephew John Eversleigh, and had fought on the lad's side in many a pitched battle with prim aunts and austere father. And it must be owned that Jack was one of those who always give their friends enough to do in this way. Even Mrs. Selwyn, with all her fondness for him, could not deny that, thought Lucy Gresham, as after breakfast she wended her way down the shady avenue, on one of her accustomed errands of goodwill and kindness to some of their poorer neighbours, with that invitation and the question of Jack's acceptance of the same, a great deal more present to her mind than she would have cared to own. She would have liked to believe that Jack Eversleigh was no worse than Aunt Dora thought him; she remembered quite well seeing him come to church with the Seldens once when he was staying with them last year, and she remembered, too, with a sigh, how he had certainly gone to sleep on that very occasion, when dear Mr. Lillydew's sermon was only ever such a little over the hour. Mary Selden had said he was 'wild,' and George Selden, who ought surely to know, being in the same regiment, had talked of Jack's being always 'hard-up,' whatever that might mean, and

so-and-so—and Lucy sighed: she would have preferred to think her old playfellow was not utterly reprobate, if she had been able.

It was very hard to look at him, and yet hold to that opinion, Lucy was thinking, a day or two afterwards, as she sat demurely silent near one of the windows, and listened to the merry talk that was going on between Mrs. Selwyn and Captain Eversleigh, newly arrived. Jack seemed mightily amused and interested on hearing in what capacity he was invited, and on the whole impressed Miss Gresham with the conviction that he would be rather disappointed if no burglar afforded him any means of exercising his predilection for strife and violence during his stay.

With these thoughts in her mind, it is not wonderful that Lucy's manner towards the object of them was shy and constrained to the last degree. Haughty or repellant she could not be, nature not having provided her with that double-edged weapon called 'a spirit,' but only a gentle heart that would fain have had kind and loving thoughts of all the world, and believed the best of every man, woman, or child with whom she came into contact. In theory, you see, poor Lucy had shaken her head and sighed over the iniquity of the world at large; but in practice, it was her feminine habit to take those with whom she came into actual contact much as they appeared, or professed themselves to be—not seldom, indeed, in her innocent and tender imaginings crediting them with virtues which I am afraid they had no claim to, out of that gentle region.

And the shyness and constraint did not deter Jack in the least from setting himself to restore, at the very first opportunity, something of the old familiar relations between himself and his little companion of long ago. He thought them both rather pretty than otherwise; but by that time Mr. Jack had privately arrived at the conviction, too, that Miss Gresham possessed the largest, softest, most innocent eyes, and the loveliest wild-rose complexion, he

had ever seen. Fashionable girls, fast girls, flirting girls, merry, outspoken, frank girls, Jack knew by scores, and had very likely waltzed, hunted, and talked nonsense by the mile, to very nearly the same number; a little tender, unsophisticated, ignorant girl, who shook her head at the opera, balls, and cigar-smoking generally, and yet who cried real, heartfelt tears over the capture of that incorrigible poacher and vagabond, Downy Dick, was something new and piquante; and, accordingly, he set himself to the task of cultivating amicable relations with Lucy Gresham, with a characteristic inability to admit the idea of failure, that must needs have gone far to ensure success, even if Lucy had been other than she was.

Being what she was, it is not wonderful that after only two or three days' experience of Jack's pleasant qualities as a companion, in the quiet home-life of the old manor-house, Lucy had gone so far as to think that a gentleman might hunt and even smoke without being utterly reprobate; and that whatever might be comprehended in the vague term of being 'hard-up,' it could not be anything very bad, and yet applied with truth to John Eversleigh. Simple faith of a guileless little heart! only it was a pity, you see, that it should have been grounded so very much on the fact of Jack's having handsome dark eyes and a pleasant smile that was always ready.

And in that companionship the days seemed to glide away like dreams, happy dreams, all too fleet in the passing. Ah! those long, sauntering walks through bright summer days, in which Jack's sportsman-like habit of observation, and upbringing in the vigorous outdoor life of an English gentleman, made him quick to see and able to point out to the little town-bred damsel a thousand natural beauties and things of interest, which she would have passed by; those rides over breezy downs, among sweet green lanes and shadowy woodland paths, where wood-doves cooed in the happy silence, and squirrels

scrambled higher among the scented pines, to look down with bright inquisitive eyes upon the sleek horses and their riders, as they wound along the slender pathways, with gentle footfalls all muffled and made tranquil by the last year's leaves that lay so thickly there. Ah! days, happy in the coming—in the passing—and yet destined to bear such a cruel sting when memory of them was all that was left!

As to the burglars, for whose expected incursions Captain Eversleigh's visit had been a preparation, I am inclined to think that remembrance of them retreated very much into the background, though, for the first night or two, Jack diligently made tremendous and complicated arrangements for their reception in the way of revolvers, life-preservers, &c., &c. Stout-hearted old Mrs. Selwyn had never entertained any fears; Lucy somehow forgot hers in pleasanter things; and when, one night, just before retiring to bed, Aunt Dora produced from her pocket-book a packet of bank-notes, making an amount of nearly two hundred pounds, which she had received that day, and had delayed, for some reason or other, driving over to Marley to pay into her bankers, it was only Jack who looked somewhat grave over the imprudence.

'It's what Biggs would call a downright tempting of Providence, Aunt Dolly,' he said, in concluding his remonstrance.

'Biggs is such an arrant coward that, I declare, if I could see my way to getting up an impromptu burglary for his sole benefit, I'm perfectly sure I should not be able to resist the temptation,' remarked the old lady, as she put away the notes in a little cabinet of Japanese workmanship, of which the key was duly taken out and deposited for security, with true feminine ideas of the same, under the family Bible, which lay on its carved oaken stand in a recess.

The sun was streaming brightly upon Lucy's closed eyes the next morning, when she opened them with a start to find Aunt Dora standing by her bed-side, looking a

little disturbed, and much graver than her pleasant wont.

'My coming in did not wake you, Lucy,' she said; 'so I suppose it is not to be expected that you should have heard anything of what took place last night, which was what I came to ask you.'

'Took place last night, Aunt Dora!' repeated Lucy, starting up. 'Why—but what were you going to say?'

'Only that it seems the house was really broken into last night, and the notes I left in the Japan cabinet in the tent-room taken, after all. Jack is half-wild to think that he should have played the watch-dog so inefficiently. He never heard a sound, he says, and they must have passed his door as well as yours. But, Lucy, my child, don't look so terribly white and scared! No one was murdered in their beds this time; and Biggs was not even locked into his room, except by himself.'

'Are you sure the money is gone? Oh! Aunt Dora, perhaps it's a mistake—a joke!' said Lucy, breathlessly, and with an inconsequence that made Mrs. Selwyn look a little impatient.

'I cannot perceive the joke of losing nearly two hundred pounds; and, as for mistake, the money has been carried off—that's very certain. When Biggs came upstairs this morning he found the window in the little vestibule wide open. He told Martha, who came to me, and I went straight to the tent-room, and found the cabinet wide open and the money gone. It had been opened with the key, too, for that was in the lock. And you never heard anything, Lucy?'

'Something woke me once—but what does Captain Eversleigh say—what does he think?'

'Say—why, that I ought not to have kept the money in the house: which is only true, as I dare say these light-fingered gentlemen who have been honouring the neighbourhood lately, knew quite well that yesterday was rent-day; and, as for his thoughts, he has ridden over to Marley post-haste to share them with the police. But I dare say

nothing will come of that, for these people have not been detected in any one instance as yet. There, Lucy, I am sorry to have frightened the blood out of your cheeks; make haste with your toilet and come to breakfast, my dear—you look as if you wanted it, and we'll not wait for Jack.'

But half an hour afterwards Lucy carried the same shocked white face into the breakfast-parlour with which she had listened to these tidings; and though Mrs. Selwyn laughed, and said that the occasion was not worth anything so tragic, somehow that look never faded out of Lucy's face, but seemed to deepen, as the day wore on.

Then ensued days of unwonted stir and bustle at quiet old Faustel Eversleigh; a great coming and going of members of the police force from Marley; much communing with the same on the part of Captain Eversleigh, who entered into the search for traces of the thieves with a great deal of energy and spirit, and a perfect influx of visitors to sympathize and condole. Energy and spirit were expended in vain, however, as far as the desired purpose was concerned. There was, absolutely, no clue, as it seemed; and when two or three days had gone over, and wary detectives had prowled and poked over every corner of the old house, inside and out,—had asked numberless questions of every member of the household, without, as Lucy fancied, seeming to pay much attention to the answers (that same fancy enabled her to reply to those that fell to her share with a great deal more ease than she had thought possible beforehand) they seemed as far off as ever.

Mrs. Selwyn declared she would rather lose the same amount of money three times told, than go to the same fuss and bother to recover it; implored her nephew to let the search drop, and take no further steps in the matter; which Captain Eversleigh was, perforce, obliged to do, very unwillingly, as he said, 'seeing that his leave was within a day or two of its expiry, and he must deprive his aunt of his pre-

sence, just at the very time he should have liked to think himself wanted.'

There was a soft undertone in Jack's voice when he made this remark, and he glanced as he spoke towards that silent figure, sitting in the farthest of the deep old windows with the gentle evening light falling softly on its bending head. Amidst all the bustle and occupation of the last few days Jack had not forgotten to notice how pale and silent Lucy Gresham had been, nor how the innocent brown eyes had worn a scared and bewildered look very foreign to their usual tranquil tenderness.

'It was natural enough, that—she was such a gentle, tender little thing—not a bit stout-hearted, nor strong-minded (none the less charming for the want, though), and, of course, her nerves had been shaken by what had happened.'

Captain Eversleigh was thinking something like this, as he walked over towards the window where Lucy had sat silent so long, meaning, when he reached her, to say something soothing and sympathizing, only, startled and confounded by the look that Lucy turned upon him for an instant, as he did so, that he drew back involuntarily with—

'For Heaven's sake! what can be the matter, Lucy?'

There was no answer: she had turned her face away again still more closely to the window, so that it was quite hidden; but he saw instead the strong tension of the clasp in which the hands lying in her lap were pressed together. Jack was very much amazed, but he was very much moved, too. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder to where Aunt Dora was reclining in her lounging-chair, her back conveniently towards them, then stooped down very nearly to that averted face, while he said—almost as tenderly as he felt at the instant—

'Tell me what is wrong, Lucy. Ah! if you knew——'

But that beginning was destined to remain uncompleted; for Lucy Gresham suddenly rose out of her

seat, upright as a dart, white as a ghost, serene and sad as an accusing angel.

'If I knew! I do know. And now that you know I do—never, never speak to me again—for that I cannot bear—and be silent!' and before Captain Eversleigh could recover from his pause of petrified astonishment Miss Gresham turned her back on him and fled from the room.

She did not appear at breakfast the next morning—the last breakfast that Jack Eversleigh would partake of for some time to come under Aunt Dora's roof. Lucy had a headache, Mrs. Selwyn explained, and begged to be excused; which intelligence Jack heard without remark, and was altogether during the progress of the meal so absent and unlike himself, that Aunt Dora was privately imagining that there was a reason why he should be more sorry to say 'good-bye' to Faustel Eversleigh this time than had existed on former occasions.

'Well, well,' thought the kind old lady, 'and if Jack and Lucy have taken a fancy to one another, I don't know that either could do better; and for my part I think I would ask nothing better than that the children should marry and settle down here with me, as long as I live. I have always liked to think of Jack's having the old place when I am gone, and Lucy would make the dearest little wife in the world. I do think that Jack is smitten—and she—well, well—'

And while the old lady was dreaming of love and marriage, and dark old houses growing all humanly warm and bright in the light of the sweet story that was first told in Eden, Captain Eversleigh was indignantly intent upon these two questions:—

'What the deuce could Lucy Gresham mean? What the deuce does she know?'

There was no opportunity of propounding them to Miss Gresham herself, supposing that Captain Eversleigh desired it, for up to the last minute of his stay no Lucy was visible. So his farewells had only to be made to Aunt Dora when the

time arrived. They were very hearty and affectionate, like the feeling that subsisted between the two, and when Mrs. Selwyn turned in again from the portico where she had stood to see Jack drive off, she felt as if the silent house had lost something that made it a pleasant home, in that cheerful, manly presence.

It had lost something else, too, as it very soon appeared; for this pale, silent Lucy of the days and weeks succeeding Captain Eversleigh's departure was as unlike the cheerful little maiden of days gone, as anything that could well be imagined. Mrs. Selwyn's heart misgave her when she saw the girl going listlessly about her little every-day duties with that kind of laborious patience and conscientiousness so sadly indicative of the 'letter' without the 'spirit,' and noticed the nervous tremor in which she was apt to be thrown by such slight things as the sudden opening of a door, a quick footstep, or an unexpected address. She saw these things with a little thrill of terror, remembering how slight a foundation her fancy that Jack Eversleigh cared for Lucy Gresham had been built upon, and devoutly wished a dozen times a day, that she had never brought the two together, nor meddled with such a doubtful matter as match-making.

As to the lost money and the suspected burglary, that seemed a subject tabooed by both ladies with mutual consent, though not so readily allowed to drop by chance visitors, with whom a topic of conversation during the orthodox twenty minutes was too precious to be parted with lightly.

'Dear me!' said a lady, one morning, after the circumstances of the robbery had been succinctly detailed to her by Mrs. Selwyn, in answer to her questions. 'Did it never occur to you to suspect any one in the house, my dear Mrs. Selwyn?'

'Not to me, certainly,' answered Mrs. Selwyn, with a disturbed glance over at Lucy, who had moved suddenly in her chair; 'for I have no servant, fortunately, whose

trustworthiness has not been proved."

"That is fortunate indeed—for them," returned the lady; "but really, I think I should not be very easy myself under the circumstances. Does it not strike you as suspicious, for instance, that nothing but the money should have been taken, or that the thief should have known so exactly where to put his hand upon it?"

"I don't think I should have thought so myself," answered the old lady, looking very fidgetty, "but then I knew there was really little but the money to take. I had sent all the plate we don't use to my bankers some time before, and, after my nephew came down, Biggs always carried the rest into his room every night. As for the fact of the thieves knowing where to find the money, there was nothing very wonderful about that; no doubt the house had been watched; and, as we all remembered afterwards, the windows of the room from which it was taken were wide open, and the lights burning, when I locked it into the cabinet. From that clump of rhododendrons yonder every movement of those in the room could have been seen perfectly well."

"Ah! true—well, it is very pleasant to have such confidence in those about us. And when may we hope to see Captain Eversleigh again?"

"He writes me that there is some chance of his being quartered with a detachment at Marley for a while, a piece of very unhoped-for good news."

The conversation changed; but when the visitor had been gone some minutes, Mrs. Selwyn broke the silence that had lasted since then by saying—

"I am sorry that you should have heard Mrs. Sandell's charitable surmises, Lucy dear, Jack begged me not to let you know that such an idea had ever been started. He thought that, being such a timid little thing, it would only add to your uneasiness, perhaps."

"Who first entertained such an idea?" inquired Lucy, faintly.

"The detective who came over first,

suggested it, I think, to Jack, who imparted it to me; but of course I could not entertain it for a moment. Biggs certainly knew I had the money in the house; but surely the fidelity of twenty years—"

Mrs. Selwyn paused a little absently, and Lucy's voice broke passionately into the silence.

"Oh! Aunt Dora! don't suspect any one! least of all, poor, good old Biggs. He never took the money! never! never! Captain Eversleigh must be sure of that; and oh! surely he would never let you think so for one instant; it would be too cruel! too wicked!"

"Why, Lucy!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking at the girl's flushed face in some wonder. "Biggs ought to be very much obliged to you for your championship, only it is a pity there should be no more call for it. As for Jack's entertaining such a suspicion, he pooh-poohed it from the very first; so there is no occasion for all that indignation, my dear. I am not vindictive, I hope," Mrs. Selwyn went on, after a little pause, "but I would give the money over again to have the real thief brought to light, there is something so painful in the atmosphere of doubt and suspicion that surrounds an undiscovered crime. Don't let us talk any more of it, Lucy, we have been wise in ignoring it hitherto. Have Daisy saddled, and go for a canter over the Downs, my dear; there is a fresh wind blowing that will put all megrims to flight, I dare say."

But instead of ordering Daisy to be saddled, Lucy put on her hat and mantle, and taking her solitary way out into the grounds, wandered to a spot at some distance from the house, where a pretty little brown river stole through banks all picturesquely broken and rugged, singing as it went, with a happy music to which the girl had unconsciously set dreams as gentle and glad, many and many a time in the bright summer days that were gone. Thoughts of them came back to her now, perhaps, all strangely and sadly mingled with the altered present; and throwing her arms forward against the moss-grown trunk of one of the old trees bending over

the little river, Lucy hid her face upon them and wept passionate, despairing tears, never known before by those gentle eyes.

'What ought I to do? What is right? What is best?' she thought, with that dreadful, agonizing struggle to reconcile duty and expediency that is apt to beset those whose conscience is so tender, and whose heart so gentle as poor Lucy's. 'It would break Aunt Dora's heart if it came to light; and mine is breaking now, I think. What shall I do?'

But no answer came to that sad, appealing cry; the wind sighed among the trees overhead, and the leaves came shivering down at the sound, and were borne silently away on the brown water, for it was summer no longer; and never, surely, was autumn so cheerless before, Lucy thought. But joy and sadness are in the eyes which look and the ears which listen, and the fairest sunshine would have been clouded just now to Lucy Gresham's.

In fact, Lucy's eyes had seen nothing very clearly since that night, now many weeks ago, when the bank-notes were stolen from the Japanese cabinet in the tent-room; or, at least, everything since then was distorted in the light of the utterly confounding sight they had witnessed on that occasion.

It was all before her now, as she sat with hidden face and hands clasped before her eyes, for whether poor Lucy shut her eyes or opened them, they only seemed to serve her as long as she looked at one thing.

Yes; it was all before her now. How, on that horrible night, she had started from a light sleep and a happy dream, to listen breathlessly to a sound in the corridor outside her door—a quiet, muffled footfall passing stealthily along, and dying away in the distance. How, when it had quite gone—had been gone minutes indeed—she had sprung from her bed, in fear that lent her for the instant all the hardihood of courage, intending to fly into Aunt Dora's room; and how, as she opened the door, she saw with her own eyes—ah! heaven, yes—in the broad summer moonlight that lit up all the corridor from end to end

with its solemn splendour, John Eversleigh—kind Aunt Dora's dearly-loved nephew—coming out of the tent-room, with the little fanciful ivory-clasped box that held the bank-notes in his hand! How, in, the wonder, the terror, the incredulity with which she looked on this sight, she had shrunk back into the room, and had listened to that muffled footfall coming quietly back past her door, past Aunt Dora's, till it died away again out of the corridor. Then the poor child had crept back into her bed, had turned her face down upon the pillow so as to shut out the fair moonlight, and repeated over and over again, with a piteous persistence in the words, 'I have been dreaming; it was a dream—nothing so horrible *could* be true!' trying so to stifle thought and drown conviction, till suddenly she raised her head, joyful, trembling, melted to thankful tears, in the light of the blessed inspiration that suddenly flashed upon her mind. 'It was a joke!—a practical joke—this abduction of the bank-notes—done just to give Aunt Dora a little fright, and a little warning! How foolish, not to have guessed that at once! Of course the money would be restored, and confession made the next morning, when Aunt Dora had been thoroughly well frightened.' In the tremulous thankfulness of this relief, Lucy sank into the sleep from which Aunt Dora had wakened her that morning.

How poor Lucy's hope that 'it was all a joke' had fluctuated through the after proceedings, and had finally faded away altogether, would have been a pitiful thing to see, if any one could have had a clue by which to trace it! Now, she had almost forgotten that the cloud which had enshrouded her since that night had ever been temporarily lightened by that idea. Ah, no! everything was wretched!—the world a miserable place, people inconceivably wicked, and those happiest and best off who had been laid to rest once for all under the churchyard daisies. Poor little Lucy! This, her first practical encounter with absolute, outcrying



Major-General Sir John Murray

THE GENERAL AT FATHOM'S BAY

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Drawn by Louis Maurer.]

THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERBLEIGH.

[See the Story.]

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evil, had done the work of years, as, indeed, it always does on natures so tender and innocent.

She rose up now, after a while, and walked slowly homewards; so slowly that it was dark when she reached the house, and quite dark in the drawing-room when she opened the door and entered quietly.

As she did so, the familiar tones of a rich, manly voice reached her, that she would have known among hundreds, and that she recognized now with a great bound of the heart.

Yes; there, surely enough, standing in the full blaze of the firelight, was Jack Eversleigh, laughing and chatting with Aunt Dora as if there were no such things as care, or trouble, or wrong-doing in all this work-a-day world. He stopped short, though, as the door opened and Lucy entered, coming forward the next minute, with, perhaps, ever so little constraint in his manner as he held out his hand. Lucy half extended hers; but, ah! no, her hand must never lie in that large cordial grasp again! She drew it back, and, bowing low, Jack turned easily away to his former place, and resumed his talk, while Lucy sank down trembling into a seat where the shadows gathered most thickly, and almost hid her from view.

Aunt Dora was certainly in the best of moods and spirits (she was auguring favourably for the success of her pet plan and the happiness of Lucy, you see, in this sudden re-appearance of Jack Eversleigh), and as for her nephew, his momentary embarrassment had left no palpable traces behind.

'How can he laugh? How can he talk so lightly as he does?' thought the poor child, cowering among the shadows, with a kind of sorrowful, indignant wonder. 'How dare he come here? Is it possible that he did not understand me?—that I did not speak plainly enough?'

She hid her face, and shrank down still more closely in her corner. And still the merry talk and laughter went on by the fireplace.

'*Apropos* of scrapes, Jack,' Mrs. Selwyn said, presently, 'how long is it since you walked into one in your sleep?'

Jack Eversleigh laughed, and coloured a little.

'Oh! ever so many years now—so many, that I hope that propensity and I have parted company for good and all. It used to cause me no end of bother, though, at one time. You remember the—'

And here Captain Eversleigh broke off, to stare in boundless surprise at the little figure starting from that dark corner, with clasped hands, and eager, pallid face.

'A sleep-walker! Do you walk in your sleep? Oh! if it were possible that—Aunt Dora—the bank-notes!—the money that was taken!' cried out poor Lucy, breathless, and shaking in every limb.

'The bank-notes, Lucy!—what an idea! Certainly, Jack had a queer habit of walking in his sleep, and doing strange things in a state of somnolency; but I don't suppose—'

'But I saw him, Aunt Dora!—I saw him! Oh! if I had only known—only guessed! I am so happy—so very, very thankful!' And here Lucy sank down in a burst of tears, that came fresh from her very heart.

'You saw me!' repeated the young man, looking from Aunt Dora to that crouching, weeping little figure, with an expression of bewilderment; 'why did you not say so, then, and save all the bother?'

'I thought you knew what you were doing, and meant to do it. How could I know?' sobbed Lucy.

'Thought that I deliberately, and of my own will, possessed myself of money that did not belong to me!' said Jack, with involuntary haughtiness. But the next instant his sense of the ridiculous overpowered him, and he burst into a laugh so hearty and prolonged that Aunt Dora joined in it, till the tears streamed down her face; and even poor Lucy was fain to echo it, at the dire and, imminent risk of becoming hysterical.

'Poor, dear Lucy,' said Mrs. Selwyn, presently, between her gasps for breath; 'so you have really been thinking that Jack played the part of burglar that night. That explains so many things. My poor child! There, I will not laugh any more, if I can help it; but, for heaven's

sake! tell us all about it, for I own I don't see the thing quite clearly yet.'

And so the whole story had to be gone over, or rather dragged into light by questions; for now, such deep, overpowering shame beset Lucy—such a keen perception of the fact that John Eversleigh must of necessity and for evermore hold her in abhorrence—that she was well-nigh speechless,

And Jack, being, really a chivalrous and generous-hearted fellow, seeing all the pain and shame in the poor little face, and desirous of sparing it to the uttermost, suppressed whatever feeling he might have had in the matter, after that one involuntary burst, and listened, with good-natured amusement, to the relation of his own exploit.

'I wish you could enlighten me as to what I did with the money, for, on my word, I have never set waking eyes on it. At least, I remember now thinking that it would be a good joke to improvise a burglary, just for Aunt Dora's amusement (you suggested the idea yourself, ma'am, please to recollect);

but what on earth became of the money? Did I go straight back into my room, I wonder?'

'No; down stairs, I think,' said Lucy, faintly.

'The open window in the vestibule, Jack; how is that to be accounted for? Ah! I have it. Do you remember the little summer-house on the other side of the shrubbery? There's a sliding panel that conceals a recess in it, and many a time you have hidden my keys and work-bag there, when you were a boy. Jack, I will wager half the money that you put it there!'

Which, on examination, turned out to be the case. There lay the little ivory-clasped box, containing the roll of bank-notes, never touched since Mrs. Selwyn's hand had placed them in it; and so the mystery of the 'Burglary at Faustel Eversleigh' was a mystery no longer; though in years to come it became a story that Aunt Dora was never tired of telling to the little bright-eyed listeners round her chair, who called the hero and heroine 'papa' and 'mamma.'

J. R. MEARNS.

THE ETHICS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THE Royal Italian Opera season in London has just come to a close, in the two great houses. I leave it to the professed musical critics to give a summary of the operatic season. They will comment on some eccentricities of management and some failures of promises. Of course there will be some flaws of detail to be pointed out, and the critics will have their private preferences. But I trust they will all do justice to the immense talent and zeal shown both by Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson. They deserve the utmost credit, and I trust and believe that they have both obtained substantial success. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more splendid and inspiring than an evening in the height of the season at one of the London houses devoted

to Italian opera. It is a subject which may well open up a vein of reflection for the moralist. De Quincey, in his familiar talk, used to say that he looked upon Italian opera as the highest outcome of our civilization. It is, indeed, the very flower and crown of our modern life of intellectual luxury and refinement. It may be doubted whether the spectacle or the spectators go furthest to make up the imposing effect of the whole. The finest conceptions of great masters are interpreted by the highest vocalization which the world can furnish, with the best scenery and decorations which the highest artistic skill can elaborate; and the mighty audience represents an amount of wealth, eminence, culture, and intelligence, such as nowhere in the land is gathered

together in such a mass. Setting aside, for the moment, considerations both of criticism and fashion, it can hardly be doubted that we have in the Italian opera a most important instrument of education and development. It is not alone that the dramatic instinct is gratified—that instinct so deeply engrafted in human nature, that it can no more be entirely eliminated than any other department of our moral being. That highest sense is touched where sense and spirit chiefly commingle; sympathy and imagination are in the highest degree evoked; another and bright intellectual world is thrown open.

Our, supposed moralist will be greatly struck, nevertheless, with a kind of immorality in the Italian opera. The stage at the present day, both dramatic and operatic, is free, it is true, from the reproaches which might justly be applied to it with every degree of invective a generation ago. There is no more harm in the opera than in any large fashionable gathering in Mayfair or Tyburnia. Still there exists in many circles a violent dislike to the opera on the score of its supposed evil tendencies. Now it is worth while to examine the weight and extent of this objection, fully allowing the importance of it. It is very desirable that the minds of many worthy people should be settled upon the subject—worthy people who, to our mind, might very well have boxes and stalls of their own. There is, unhappily, a good deal of confusion of thought which leads to much practical insincerity. Many persons will speak slightly and condemningly of an opera, yet, living in the country, they make a point of going to the Opera when in town, or, living in town, they frequent the Opera when they are on the Continent. Churchmen, Presbyterians, Dissenters, they all do it; and we have even met with the enormity of an influential parson denouncing the Opera in his public teaching, and countenancing it in his private practice. The notion of supposed immorality is to a great extent illusory. The Opera is altogether an unreal world, an ideality which, coolly

examined, is simple absurdity. No man in the high concerns of life ever speaks in recitative any more than he adjusts his ordinary conversation so that he should always speak in blank verse. In the same way the plot of the operatic story is equally unreal; no one dwells upon *that*; the dramatic situation is altogether unreal and only of value as it affords a vehicle for the musical rendering.

Still the ordinary construction of an opera, in an ethical point of view, is entirely faulty, in perhaps a majority of instances. When the morality of Mrs. Norton's novel, 'Lost and Saved,' was sharply criticised, that lady wrote a letter to the 'Times,' pointing out that the plot of nearly all the operas was at least as faulty as her own story. Supposing she proved her case, we do not know what her case may be supposed to prove. It would not invalidate the criticism; it would only show that the criticism might be indefinitely extended in another direction. There are some operas so utterly bad that we would not for a moment seek to defend them. Such a one was 'La Traviata,' which the Queen would never hear, and which now her subjects have learned to ignore. There is a school also of captious criticism, the effect of which is decidedly unwholesome and ignoble. This is the school of the very nice people who have very nasty ideas. They drag out the latent indelicacy, which, but for their suggestion, would escape the notice of the innocent-minded. We pity the moral perversity of the man who could carp at 'La Sonnambula,' or 'L'Africaine,' or 'Mirella.' We know instances in which the 'Huguenots' have produced an effect which was, in point of fact, a religious effect. The wonderful genius of Meyerbeer often seizes the very essence of a historical period and gives a large amount of positive instruction. As it was said of some charming woman, that to know her was in itself a liberal education, so also it is a liberal education thoroughly to comprehend an opera of Meyerbeer's. How exactly, in the 'Huguenots,' does he make us understand the period of the war of

the League, doing impartial justice to the merits and defects both of Romanist and Huguenot; and until we have seen the 'Prophète' we hardly comprehend the difficult and curious subject of the Anabaptists. The high educational effect of such operas as these is undoubted. We have often felt in the case of a young man—one who is idling in barracks, or lounging away his time in clubs, or absorbed in dogs, horses, or gambling—that we should be conferring on him a great boon, that we should be going a long way towards making a Cymon fit for an Iphigenia, if we could give such a one a thorough taste for the refined pleasure of the opera. At a heavy dinner, chiefly noticeable for tasteless expense, or witnessing the British institution of tea and scandal, or observing the vapid condition of a circle where colourless conversation or silly novel reading are the only intellectual resource, we often think how well these might be exchanged for the intellectual excitement of an opera, of which the full appreciation would be a distinct intellectual achievement. What we need is some wise discrimination in the matter. There is an unfairness on the part of an important section of the public, in wholly rejecting an amusement because some specimens of that amusement may not be innocuous. We might as well decline society on account of its scandal; we might refuse all invitations because feasting implies an opening for excess; we might go out of the world on account of the acknowledged evil that is in the world. A man does right in declining to assist at an opera when he thinks there is something distinctly wrong. But we think he is mistaken if he debars himself from one of the highest forms of intellectual culture in cases where there is no ethical objection. We go further. It is still a sad fact, that the highest efforts of musical genius are in music allied to some of the lowest weaknesses of humanity. But even allowing this, it is still an open question whether, on account of this base element, we should abdicate a portion of that intellectual culture which is one of the highest duties

of rational beings. We do not discard Shakespeare on account of his grossness, nor Dante on account of his superstition. More, perhaps, is to be said on behalf even of the opera whose libretto we dislike, than might be supposed. Take up, for instance, the plays of Beaumarchais, whose favourite character of Figaro has occasioned two most exquisite operas, 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia' and 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' Any one who compares even the libretto of the opera of 'Le Nozze di Figaro' with the writings of Beaumarchais, will perceive the immense advance of the opera upon the drama. There is still an objection to the construction of the plot, but in the opera the story is refined and even to some extent dignified. Mozart has some of his most beautiful compositions in this opera; the language of passion was never translated into music more eloquently and nobly. Again, take the 'Don Giovanni,' against which the ethical objection is still more strong. Mozart used to say that he composed that opera, not for the public, but for his friends. There was not the least thought of pandering to an evil nature in that great *maestro*. Indeed, what we know of his life seems utterly to forbid any such supposition. A young man passionately attached to his wife, devotedly fond of his little ones, tremblingly alive to each fine influence of nature and of art, Mozart lived a life of abstraction, in a region of ideas which left him a mere child in the things of this life. The dramatic situations were mere key notes; he looked upon them as the mere mechanism of his divine art; he gave them an interpretation so utterly removed from any baseness of their own, that it is not a mere translation, but an entire transference into another and higher region. Mozart's genius was, in fact, Shakespearian, but its general bias and tendency, almost from the very first till the 'Requiem,' were towards sacred music. In his highest operas there are bars of music that would suit his mass music; and yet on the first showing as great an ethical objection might lie against his 'Don Giovanni' and 'Nozze di Figaro'

as against any opera that might be named; an objection of which the composer was probably utterly unconscious. It is impossible to place the opera on the same footing as a corresponding literary work; to condemn the 'Don Giovanni' of Mozart, as we condemn the 'Don Juan' of Byron.

I am tolerably familiar with nearly every part of the Opera Houses. I have lounged in my stall, and chatted in my box; I have crushed in at the pit entrance, and I have adventurously scaled the heights of the amphitheatre. To the best of my belief, the most genuine lovers of operatic music are to be found in the pit and the amphitheatre. These places afford a real test whereby to gauge musical ardour. A man waits in the colonnade long before the hour of opening, and then stays his patient half-hour in the pit before the overture strikes up. Men and women climb up to the heated ceiling, where they see and hear only indifferently well, in their desire for a keen intellectual pleasure—highly-educated men, quiet, lady-like women in hundreds, with a deep love of the highest music, and insufficient means to be able to enjoy it in its perfection. The notion of such persons being influenced in their attendance by prurient curiosity is simply puerile, and only indicative of a very literal, commonplace, unrefined mind. One can hardly conceive better evidence than that thus furnished to us of the innocuousness and elevating influence of the opera.

Anything of which the intention is obviously evil ought to be discouraged. Some time back, visiting the Haymarket Theatre, we were much pained by the gratuitous introduction of coarse language and swearing not in the text of the play that was being acted. We do not wonder at the decline of the British drama, when its interests are prejudiced, in this shameful manner, and the classes, on whose support it ought to rest, are thus alienated. We believe it would be well if persons should refuse their support to such theatres, and reserve it for those who are

content with the legitimate amusements of the drama. Mr. Fechter, for instance, never thinks it necessary to incorporate evil words, through mere love and affinity to evil. From such a reproach as this we believe that the opera is completely free. Many persons scarcely admit ethical considerations in the question of their amusements, and these will, of course, attend all operas indiscriminately. We trust they will derive all the good, and as little of the evil as possible, from such mixed performances. We are sure that there is a large class to whom it is altogether pure, on whom the evil does not even glance, and who find in it a source of high intellectual happiness. Our point is this, that those who do not attend the opera at all should give it a discriminating support. When managers understand that public taste is thus leavened for the better, and that the public demand that the sense of the good and fair should not be disturbed, they will wish to progress in usefulness and goodness of purpose. Much may be done for the improvement of the opera, as Wagner has shown; and in connection with this, we regret that the production of 'Tannhäuser' has been so long deferred. It will be a good, both for the mental elevation of the middle classes and the moral elevation of the opera, when the sound, religious mass of people, to a greater extent than at present, will attend the lyric or dramatic entertainment which they can approve, and only stand aloof from those which they cannot. On the more general objections which are sometimes made, on the score of time and the score of expense, we have not entered, as they are only accidental to the argument. A man who cannot afford the time, has no right to attend meetings at Exeter Hall; and a man who cannot afford the money, has no right to give a guinea to a charitable institution. We object to the objections against the opera, so far as they are merely traditional—the echoes of a conventional, stereotyped morality, than which nothing can be more fatal to the cause of good manners, and the freedom and integrity of moral life.

DE PROFUNDIS.

SHE has left me alone in my sorrow,
 The maid with the fathomless eye—
 And her heart was betrothed to another,
 Ere the tear of our parting was dry.

Ah! youth was my bane, little Cupid;
 And razors no comfort can bring,
 For my whiskers are all in prospective,
 My moustache is a pitiful thing.



She knew that I loved her to madness,
 And youth made my passion sublime;
 Oh! had she but waited a little—
 It was merely a matter of time—

I'd have poured out my soul in her praises,
 Written sonnets and songs by the score,
 And swamped these dear magazine pages
 With a flood of poetical lore!

But vanished the mists and the glory,
Queen Mab with her fairy-like team—
And I waken like one who was dreaming,
And finds it was only a dream.

I will stroll through the fields and the meadows,
And weep to the lapwing's cry,
With a brier-root pipe in my pocket
And a packet of Bristol bird's-eye.

And the smoke will arise like incense
In clouds from the reeking bowl,
Far up on the woodlands and meadows,
Like the sigh of a weary soul.

EVENINGS ON THE BALCONY.

'GAINST a veil of sunset fires
Loom the slowly darkening spires,
Pinnacled in dusky glare;
Through the twilight ceaseless coming,
Lo! the city's mighty humming
Palpitating on the air.

Rippling down the ornate fretwork,
Flowers in a tangled network,
Bathed in flood of silver light;
With the soft wind weirdly woven
Comes the music of Beethoven,
Breaking out upon the night.

From the open window gleaming,
Leaps a warm glad lustre, streaming
Through the curtains' filmy haze;
Underneath the trellised roses,
Fondly tended, one reposes
Eloquent of other days.

Days when frame and mind were youthful,
When the earnest and the truthful
Ruled the atmosphere of life;
Recollections of a mother
And a bold, true-hearted brother—
Recollections of a wife.

Bright-haired Lilian, dark-eyed Edith,
Listen while the old man readeth
From the book of dear old times;
Calling from the palace tower,
Lo! the voices of the hour
Fill the air with solemn rhymes.

A. K.

QUEENS OF COMEDY.



MADELINE BROHAN, OF THE FRANÇAIS.

IT is hardly possible to over-estimate the power of a great actress. She is usually handsome, has fine eyes, and knows how to use them; a good presence, and a sweet natural voice, over which she has perfect control. Her voice and features act in concert, like a combined attack of artillery and infantry; and she has a strong 'will,' that strange concentration of temper, faith, energy, and perseverance that forms the motive power of genius and of talent. Lastly—and this, perhaps, is the chief source of her charm—she is a woman!

The triumphs of a queen of society and of a queen of comedy are strangely like, and strangely unlike. The one is born great, the other achieves greatness; or, as is sometimes the case, has greatness thrust upon her. The *grande dame* receives the homage of the world with a gracious consciousness of her sovereignty; the queen of comedy

bends to the thronged audience with the same stately courtesy. 'The countess is charming to-night,' remark the men in the room. 'The Siddons is in splendid force this evening,' say the *habitues* of the stalls. The newspapers inform us that the Marchioness Blank-blank entertained distinguished and fashionable company on such or such an evening, and that Miss Star-star is about to appear in a new character, translated expressly for her from the French by that eminent English dramatist, Mr. Lifter. Young men with a talent for admiring their friends speak boastfully of a man they know who dines at Lady Blank-blank's, as they do of one who is on speaking terms with Miss Star-star. Young Aldershott, when he is very young looks up to Lady Blank-blank as to a moon that it is useless crying for. Miss Star-star, by dint of study, passing examinations, a foreign war,

hard fighting, glory and distinction might be attained. Her hand is the *bâton de maréchal* he most covets. When Lady Blank-blank descends the stairs to her carriage, servants look down their eyes, and stand up against the wall, motionless as gorgeous beetles in a naturalist's collection. When Miss Star-star alights from her brougham and glides upon the stage, carpenters touch their paper caps, and even gasmen are stricken with awe. When Lady Blank-blank is only a princess of society, and the Earl of Blank-blank carries her away, many gallant bachelor noblemen and gentlemen, who have retired from

the army, re-enter it, or seek diplomatic distinction in remote parts of India. When Miss Star-star is led to the hymeneal altar, several inconsolables find a temporary balm for their disappointment in Baden-Baden and brandy and Seltzer-water. When the princess of society and the queen of comedy are both married, who shall say which of their adorers they really loved? who shall say that they did not cherish a passion for one—or two—who looked on them indifferently? who shall say—indeed, considering the vastness, variety, and complication of the subject—who shall say anything at all?



MADemoiselle VICTORIA, OF THE 'GYMNASIUM' AND THE 'FRANÇAIS.'

When the sceptre falls; when fashion changes; when raven hair is as nothing, and golden locks are considered sunlight; when a newer and younger queen pushes the old queen from the throne,—what then? It is left to royalty in retreat to lament the vulgarity and degradation of the present taste, &c., &c. It is something to have been a queen; but it is terrible to be displaced—to be pointed out by parvenus as old-fashioned. Then consolation must be drawn from memory. The time *was*—*'Autres temps, autres*

mœurs,' and mirrors are not so truthful as they used to be.

The queens of comedy here treated of are not of the past. They are reigning monarchesses—if there be such a word, and if not, it is now presented to the English language, which has adopted worse—they can be seen in that pleasantest of the capitals of Europe—Paris.

Our first engraving is of Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan, who holds a high reputation for talent and for beauty. Of her beauty our readers may judge. They should be

informed that Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan is tall and stately, with the air and manner usually associated with Lady Macbeth, tempered by the coquetry of a court shepherdess. She is an accepted artiste of the first class. She has made her proofs, and conquered the fastidious Frenchmen who rule dramatic art in Paris, in the plays of Racine, Corneille, and Molière. Her school of acting is the grand high school, that never descends to trick or palpable art. She has the power—so rare upon the English stage—of looking love out of her eyes, while she is speaking on an indifferent subject; and this without looking *too much* love. Her love is the passion of a real living woman, that thinks the man she chooses handsome, tall, clever, and courageous. She is not one of those *petites maîtresses* who amuse themselves with an affection, and minauder through the semblance of a passion. She can coquette; but she feels that she is only coquetting, and does not attempt mock-passion or morbid sentimental self-deception. This peculiar quality in her art is remarkably exemplified in her performance in Dumas's 'Verre d'Eau,' and in Alfred de Musset's 'Caprice.' Her latest triumph is in the 'Marquise,' in Monsieur Ponsard's play of 'Le Lion Amoureux.' The marquise is of the very bluest blood of France. She is a widow—her husband perished by the guillotine during the Terror. Her father, an avowed and fearless enemy of the Republic, is in exile. She waits upon Humbert—the Citizen Humbert—the General Humbert—the patriot Humbert—the leading member of the Committee of National Safety—to ask permission for her father to return to Paris. Her toilette is plain and simple, for she fears lest she should excite the prejudices of the stern republican by any sign of sumptuary distinction. Humbert looks at the lovely patricienne. Her hands are white, and show no marks of labour—disgusting! Her complexion, fair and well preserved by the arts of the toilette, is untanned by the sun and unseamed by the rugged lines of labour—

offensive! Her eyes are dark and lustrous; the patriot receives a glance from them. Will the *citoyenne* be seated? The *citoyenne* is pleading for a father, and is a woman of the world. The patriot will not grant her prayer. The presence of patricians is dangerous to the State. 'But,' murmurs the *citoyenne-marquise*, 'surely I should not be called a patrician; I have been a servant in a public-house.' 'A servant!' repeats the patriot, interested at once. 'Yes,' replies the petitioner; 'when the Revolution broke out we fled to Germany. I was alone and without means. I took service in a small auberge.' The patriot is more interested than ever. A marquise could not care about her father; those sort of people never do; it is not in their nature: but a servant-girl at a pothouse, accustomed to the drawing of beer, washing of dishes, and rinsing of pots, is a superior person—indeed, quite a human being: and then, such eyes to examine quart mugs, and such hands to dust down tables, and such a presence to answer the beck and call of drunken boors, such a liquid treble to cry 'Coming, sir!' The member of the Committee of National Safety will think of the petition of the marchion—of the ex-waitress. The lady perceives her advantage: the waitress has served her turn; the marchioness too may help her. She informs the stern patriot that he was born on her father's estate; and that they were friends when they were children. They played together on the borders of the forest near the château. 'Great Powers!' thinks the patriot, 'and is this the lovely child who was my boyish idol? and have those dear white hands washed glasses?' The prayer of the *citoyenne* is granted; and the patriot has fallen head over ears in love with a *ci-devant*. Nor is the *ci-devant* unconscious of the rugged virtues of the citizen-general; of the deep, passionate, unselfish nature hidden beneath the rough crust of *sans culottism*. If not killed, she is winged; if not hit mortally, she is stricken. She offers General Humbert an invita-

tion to a *réunion* at Madame Tallien's that evening—the ex-marchioness has invited; the general is about to refuse—when he catches a glint from the eyes of the ex-waitress, and accepts. They salute, and the citizen conducts the *citoyenne* to the door.

This scene Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan acts to the life, and without exaggeration or apparent effort. It is in the artiste's manipulation of the delicate shades—the *nuances* of emotion, character, and manner—that she is so admirable. At one moment she is a lady, conscious of the advantage of her birth; the next, she is conscious that she is of a proscribed race. She evokes recollections of the past—of her services at the auberge, of her childhood, of her widowhood, of her former state, her present defencelessness—and all this is not acted, not spoken of, but inferred by manner, by inflection of voice, and expression of face; and through all, a dawning love of the man she is addressing is felt and understood, though not expressed. This is one of the peculiar qualities of the dramatic art in which the French excel us. We English are such downright truth-tellers, that we require the characters on our stage to make a plain statement of their feelings. Even Iago tells us what a villain he is in his soliloquies. If a young lady has to avow a reciprocity of feeling, she does it with an almost brutal candour, something after this fashion—

'Yes, Edward! I love you—I adore you! and never shall this heart be another's!'

Plain, straightforward, and candid—but too candid for nature. These avowals should be made by expression of feature, intonation, and those thousand graces that women, when they love, know how to *exploit* so well.

In conclusion, Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan is a great 'widow.' It will be remembered that in France marriages are made by parents, and that mutual inclination is no part of the bargain. It is the young widow, then, who feels, thinks, and acts for herself; who

has some knowledge of the world, who has travelled, who has observed, who possesses friends, tact, social consideration, and position; who is rich, and can afford the indulgence of her affections; who is not above treating the man she has selected as a good second, with some small *tracasserie*; and who, though she will not absolutely 'propose' herself, will force a proposal from a timid gentleman unaccustomed to the arts of matrimonial diplomacy.

MADemoisELLE VICTORIA, OF THE 'GYMNASÉ' AND THE 'FRANÇAIS.'

Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan is the brilliant widow of comedy, Mademoiselle Victoria is the sentimental spinster, in maiden meditation, not fancy free.

A pupil of Madame Rose Cheri, who was the directress of the Gymnase, in the best days of the Gymnase, Mademoiselle Victoria, though less brilliant than her instructress, is more tender. The pensive, dreamy eyes convey the impression of an attachment unfortunately placed. Young ladies in France are not allowed the same unrestricted freedom as English girls. They would consider it an infraction of maidenly dignity to show the smallest sign of susceptibility or preference. They never tell *their* love, but concealment, like a worm i' the bud, &c., does its work. The peculiar genius of Mademoiselle Victoria will be best described by saying that she suffers uncomplainingly; and yet her whole audience are conscious of every pang she feels. In the part of a young lady, an orphan with small means, living in the house of a rich uncle, and devotedly attached to a *beau cousin*, who makes her the confidant of his love for another, she would be charming. She would advise her cousin how to win her rival's heart, and strive her utmost to promote the match, though all the time she knew that her cousin's marriage would be her death-warrant. She would make friends with the young lady, 'Edouard's future,' and help to dress her hair for conquest. She

would pet the bride, and put up with her ill-humours. She would love her suffering, and suffer for her love; and when Edouard—presuming that to be the name of the *beau cousin*—had made a wife of a pretty, brainless little milliner's lay-figure, she—Mademoiselle Victoria, or rather the part that she was playing—would die, and the curtain would fall upon the piece, and the entire audience would execrate the blindness of stupid Monsieur Edouard.

The character above mentioned is, as yet, unwritten; but one of Mademoiselle Victoria's triumphs of this particular sort was noticed

in these pages some three years ago. Marguerite was young, and loved a young gentleman, Marcel, by name; but Marcel took no notice of her; and Marguerite pined, and fell sick, and was in danger. Her friends, fearing for her life, told her that Marcel loved her, and had their consent to marry her. Marcel himself arrived most opportunely; and an interview ensued, in which Marcel discovered that he had, unknown to himself, loved Marguerite from the first moment that he had seen her. The patient rallies surprisingly, and the doctor is more convinced than ever that neither poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy



MADemoiselle MASSIN, OF THE 'PALAIS ROYAL.'

syrops of the East, nor any other drugs to be found in the pharmacopoeia, can medicine half so well to a young lady as the interchange of mutual vows, and the immediate prospect of a wreath of orange-blossoms. Unfortunately, the roughness of the course of true love is proverbial. She is told by a venomous old maiden aunt that her friends have only been deceiving her; that they have humoured her fancies in order to restore her to health, and that her lover himself is in the plot. The poison is swift. The fever returns; and with it a mental exaltation that invites death. She is at the window, watching the falling

of the snow. She has been told that, in her critical state, to take cold would be her death. Well, Marcel no longer loves her. She has been treated like a capricious child, life is not worth having; then welcome death! She deliberately tears off a portion of her outer-clothing, opens the window, steps into the balcony, and exposes her bare head and shoulders to the wintry storm.

As this picture may be too terrible for the excitable and sympathetic, it may be mentioned that Marcel passes by in a carriage; sees his beloved pelted by the pitiless snow; climbs the balcony, and restores Marguerite to vital heat and to her-

self, by the united means of love and a fur overcoat.

Whenever an artiste makes a name, several fine old four-centuries-bottled stock anecdotes are brought to light, and connected with his or her name. Who has not heard of the great singer who, when a poor child, was sitting on a doorstep, nursing a younger sister, and singing a ballad to lull the babe to slumber, when a bishop happened to be walking by—bishops so often walk—and, struck with the melody of the child's voice, stopped and spoke to her; found her of an intelligence beyond her years and station; had musical instruction given her; and so paved her way to the Grand Opéra. Then there is another paragraph, familiar as 'Enormous Gooseberries' and 'Extraordinary Aéroclites,' which relates how a great artist was in his or her carriage, when he or she saw a crowd assembled around a party of street mountebanks, which he or she—the great artist—recognized as friends of childhood. To leap from his or her carriage—to recognize these friends of childhood—is of course but the work of a moment. To sing, or act, or paint a picture, or compose an opera, or to give a proof of their genius is the work of a second moment; and to go round with the hat for the benefit of their childhood's friends sufficiently occupies a third. The whole thing is generous, impulsive, makes a good advertisement, and tells well. The fact of the occurrence cannot be doubted. Folks who have risen to fame and fortune are invariably eager to find out the lads and lasses they have left behind them.

The following little anecdote, however, is not manufactured, but is true as it is charming—

Mademoiselle Victoria was left an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by a workman of Lyons, received into his house, fed, clothed, and reared by him. La petite Victoria helped her adopted father's scanty means by finding employment in the theatre. It was a very few francs a week; but it was something. One day, little Victoria

heard her father express a wish to become proprietor of a small plot of land.

'Hein! Stomach Blue! But that I wish that it were mine!' said the ouvrier.

'Then why not buy it, father?' asked little Victoria.

'Why not buy it, little mother?' said the workman. 'Ah! but I haven't any money.'

'But you have some sous, father.' 'Yes, my little, *some* sous; but not enough to buy that plot of land.'

About six months after, la petite Victoria ran to her papa, and, giving him a bagfull of copper, said—

'Now, papa! there are enough sous to buy the little plot with!'

'Where do these come from?' asked the astonished workman.

'Instead of going to the theatre at night and morning by the bridge that it costs a sou to cross each time, I walked round to the further bridge, and saved the sous, and there they are, papa!'

It was a terrible disappointment to the little Victoria to learn that even the accumulation of six months was insufficient for the coveted land. Years after, when she was an acknowledged actress, she visited Lyons, found out her adopted father, and presented him with the title-deeds of the estate he had longed for all his life.

Mademoiselle Victoria's most recent triumphs have been in the dramas and comedies of Piccolino. 'Les Ganaches,' 'Le Démon de Jen,' 'Un Maison sans Enfants,' and 'L'Éillet Blanc.' She is now a sociétaire of the Théâtre Français, and the wife of Monsieur Lafontaine (also of the Français), to whom she had been engaged for many years.

MADemoisELLE MASSIN, OF THE 'PALAIS ROYAL.'

If the sort of lady presented to us on the stage by Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan would make an admirable ambassadress, Mademoiselle Victoria would make home happy with love in a cottage, with few other appliances than a small li-

brary and a pearl of a baby. Mademoiselle Massin, of the Palais Royal, is a *charmante jeune personne* of a totally different sort. She is blonde—and very blonde, with hair the colour of that portion of a loaf which is called kissing-crust. She is *mignonne* to distraction, and has a thousand and one gracious, captivating little ways, as attractive as they are indescribable. She is tall, too, is Mademoiselle Massin, and in general appearance looks an *ingénue* to perfection—and particularly the *ingénue* in crisp muslin, peculiar to the atmosphere of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, who has a papa and a mamma, to whom she yields implicit obedience—an obedience that would be angelic, if it were not mechanical. The Palais Royal *ingénue* is the dearest little doll in the world; she answers, 'Oui, mon papa,' and 'oui, maman,' like a *poupée à vingt francs*. She receives her future husband with antarctic politeness. She is ready to marry anybody, presented by papa or mamma. Will she be the wife of Jules—'oui, papa,' or of Alphonse—'oui, papa,' or of Le Commandant César—'oui, papa.' The pretty face and the fresh toilette have no preference.

Not that Mademoiselle Massin is such a piece of still life. On the contrary, she is gay, vivacious, sprightly, and *espiègle*. Given a gentleman without any very deep feeling, or sentiment, or earnestness, and fond of amusement—and many Frenchmen are of that particular temperament—and the young personage Mademoiselle Massin creates upon the stage would be the very wife for him. They could breakfast together at a café in the morning; and madame would be complaisance and good-humour themselves. She would ride down to the Bois; she would dine enjoyably; and, perhaps, after dinner she

would take a cigarette—why were we sent into this world, but to be gay? After the cigarette, a slumber—ever so little bit of a slumber; the kind of slumber that is to a sleep as a cigarette to a meerschaum. Then to dress again, and a bal—occasionally a bal masqué—which is a joy for ever; and a *costume de fantaisie très chic*. Happy would be that husband, gifted with a fine eye for bonnets, who was blessed with such a wife. Conceive the happy man, arrayed in morning-jacket and easy slippers, sipping a small cup of fragrant coffee, and resolving in that airy receptacle which he believes to be his mind, what dishes he shall eat for breakfast. To him enters Julie, the beloved of his waistcoat. On Julie's pretty head is a milky bonnet—the work of tasteful fairies. Does Auguste love the bonnet?—Auguste does love the bonnet. And the ribbons?—And the ribbons. And there is another bonnet too—will Auguste see that?—Auguste will see it. He is charmed and ravished by it. She is gentille! she is ado-r-r-r-r-able! and they will have truffled partridge for breakfast, and salmon with lemon sauce, and red currants, and iced cream. And what is this world without love and simple pleasures, and the union of two fond hearts, and the Opéra Comique, and life 'à la meringue à la crème'?

It is to be feared that the marriage of Julie and Alphonse would be a trifle frivolous, and would pall after the age of forty.

Gentlemen bachelors, it is for you to declare which sort of Queen of Hearts would be most soothing to your ambition, sentiment, and comfort,—the majestic, regal ruby, the patient, gentle, domestic heart-warmer, or the tempting, brilliant little bonbon.

T. W. R.



A DAY'S EXCURSION INTO SPAIN.



ONSIEUR desires to know the name of the river? It is the Bidassoa.'

So a boatman said, one brilliantly beautiful morning towards the close of last summer. We had taken train from Biarritz to the little village of Hendaye, a village which, by the way, attained some notoriety a few weeks later, owing to the alleged discovery of a plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French there as he passed through on his way to San Sebastian to meet the Queen of Spain, with the intention of seeing something of the kingdom on the other side of the Pyrenees. We had arrived at Hendaye at an hour when people are usually only contemplating leaving their beds; we had breakfasted there at the

railway station, and we had engaged a boatman to take us diagonally across the river to Fontarabia, the first Spanish town which we intended visiting. Then it was that a party of four English tourists, complacently puffing at their pipes and admiring the scenery, seated themselves in the stern of a well-kept boat and asked the question which brought forth the response written above.

The Bidassoa! Immediately a host of historical recollections rushed into our minds, and we thought of that memorable day when in the early morning the allied armies, commanded by the Marquis of Wellington, left the Spanish ground to cross the placid river over which we were being rowed to make their stand upon French territory. Immediately in front of us rose the tower of the church of Fontarabia, the tower from which a rocket signalled the advance, and instinctively the names of such men as Lord Aylmer, General Wilson, and Colonel Maitland occurred to us; indeed throughout the day in every direction our eyes rested on towns or mountains, the names of which two-and-fifty years before had been familiar to every Englishman in connection with the campaign of the Western Pyrenees.

In the course of time, hazy historical recollections having been voted a nuisance, and our pipes being finished, the keel of the boat touched mud—Spanish mud—and we landed on a narrow stone quay and stood within the precincts of the old picturesque weather-beaten cannonaded Moorish town of Fontarabia.

Words can hardly do justice to the charm of the old town as a subject for an artist's pencil, while pen fails to give a notion of the objectionable character of the place as one in which to dwell.

Unfortunately, picturesqueness and civilization rarely go hand in hand, and Fontarabia, while it excels in romantic gables, overhanging roofs, rich cornices, and external decorations, cannot be said to be free from dirt, garlic, and insects. The houses now ruined and dilapidated, partly by time and partly by cannon-balls, doubtless once were the residences of wealthy Moors, for they bear token still of the splendour which they must have once possessed. Picture a long narrow street, with houses, the different stories of which project one above the other till the ornamented cornices at the top so nearly meet as to permit only of a long strip of blue sky to be visible; fancy these houses decorated with decaying carvings and rotting imagery; fill this street with handsome bronzed-featured men and

women in the picturesque costume of the Spanish peasant; imagine the rich colouring of the old wood, deep in hue from the effect of time, not smoke, enlivened by two brilliant awnings and curtains, to say nothing of the ripe luscious fruit displayed in windows and piled up at street doors, and you may have some faint notion of the general appearance of this most picturesque town. Fancy this and be content; do not essay to peep into the interior, unless you are prepared to encounter a thousand and one smells, each worse than the preceding, garlic being the best—unless you are prepared with a change of raiment to don in all haste on coming out. Cleanliness is a virtue which the Spanish peasant has never yet cultivated; and as Fontarabia is handed over to that class, houses which once may have belonged to wealthy men, being now tenanted in separate floors by the common people—when they are not shut up and suffered to go to decay altogether—it is better for visitors not to be over curious, and to exercise their powers of imagination in fancying what those interiors may have been centuries since, without seeking to penetrate into their dark recesses in the present day.

There is little to see at Fontarabia with the exception of this one street, which, however, no lover of the picturesque within reach of it should fail to visit. At one end of it is situated the church, and into it we entered, to be astonished at the great contrast it offered to those in a country which, though only separated from it by a river, has different manners, customs, and language. Fontarabia, though a poor, miserable, decaying collection of houses, manages to supply its church with rich vessels and decorations of which a cathedral need not be ashamed. Mass was being performed at the time we entered, consequently we were unable to inspect the edifice as we should have wished. The floor of the church was crowded with kneeling figures attired in that pleasing variety of dress which the Spanish peasant assumes, and which has been made

familiar to us by pictures; these groups were all in deep shade, but occasional bits of bright colour or sparkles of light upon ear rings or necklaces shone out from behind the pillars; the altar alone was in high light; there lamps burned, and white-robed priests moved hither and thither, while the consecrated vessels of gold and silver glittered in the light of many candles; the scent of incense filled the building, and low harmonious chanting, now faint, now swelling louder, added greatly to the effect.

Near to this church is the ancient citadel, an ugly stone building on high ground. It appears to have served as a mark for the artillery in the war-time, and many cannon-balls are imbedded in the stone, whilst there is hardly a yard of it which does not bear the mark of shot. The door was open, everything betokened a deserted ruin, and we entered, urged on by curiosity; but no sooner were we inside than a troop of beggars, springing from unaccountable nooks and corners, surrounded us, whining piteously, and in a jargon neither French nor Spanish supplicated for alms. A more hideous and revolting collection of creatures I have rarely seen. They were clothed—if such a word may be applied to them—in dirty rags, which hung about them in disorder, and it would have been a greater act of kindness to have soused them in the Bidassoa than to have given them the few sous which they almost demanded from us.

In leaving the town we crossed the ruins of the old fortifications, which have been demolished, and passed under an archway of crumbling grey stone, from the crevices of which grew the maiden-hair fern in lovely bunches and feathery sprays. Our boat was waiting for us, and we bade adieu to Fontarabia, still an imposing-looking town from a little distance, and rowed down the Bidassoa towards Trun. The word 'rowed' must be here received with caution. The river is very shallow at low water, the tide falling sixteen feet, and our progression was slow and undig-

nified. More than once we ran aground, upon which our boatmen jumped overboard and pushed us along, walking and chatting by our side scarcely up to their knees. They were not the only men in the river. Dotted about in every direction were men and even women standing in the water armed with rude spades which they dug into the bottom, bringing to the surface mud, stones, and a certain shell-fish, uncommonly like a cockle; such fish they put into a bag, slung in front of them for the purpose. It seemed to be but slow sport, and hardly worth the wetting; but our boatman told us these crustacea form a great part of the diet of the

poorer classes. A pleasant preparation for your dinner, digging it from the bottom of the river.

Passing beneath the handsome railway bridge which spans the Bidassoa and unites the kingdoms of France and Spain, we proceeded up the river towards Trun, which we should have reached by water, but the tide was so low that we were forced to stop short of our destination, get ashore as best we could, and proceed by land to the next town we purposed visiting. Despite the heat, the walk was not an unpleasant one, leading us through field after field of Indian corn growing to a height of seven or eight feet. Many were the



bronzed men and handsome, dark-eyed women with whom we interchanged greetings during our walk. At last the white houses and red roofs of the town of Trun came in sight, and then, bidding good-bye to the boatman who thus far had served as a guide, we proceeded on our way alone in a strange country, of the language of which we knew nothing. Trun is a place of great antiquity, but beyond the church and the market-place we saw but little of it. In the former, as at Fontarabia, mass was being per-

formed, and in the latter we purchased—by means of signs—as many grapes as the four of us could eat for a few sous. Then turning our backs upon the town we hastened to the railway station, and took tickets for the place where we proposed spending the day, for it was yet morning—San Sebastian.

Were I so disposed, I might here describe at length the siege of the town, giving the names of the commanders, the number of killed and wounded, and the events resulting from this victory of the allied

armies; but as I should have to copy it from books, to which the reader can refer as easily as I, I purpose avoiding, as far as possible, all reference to San Sebastian in an historical manner, simply confining myself to giving an account of a day's visit to a Spanish watering-place.

It is strange to notice how, by almost imperceptible degrees, one country melts into another, till in the space of a few hours, you find yourself lunching in a land with different people, dress, manners, customs, and language to that in which you breakfasted; and as the train drew up at the platform of the San Sebastian station, we left the carriage, conscious that we were no longer '*hommes*,' but '*caballeros*,' and that we actually were in Spain, the land of adventures, cigarettes, stilettos, priests, and bull-fights.

Flags waved gaily on each side of the road leading from the railway station to the town, the queen having only arrived the previous day. They lent an air of bright animation to the dusty road; and the high, white, many-windowed, balconied houses, with their red-tiled roofs, shone and glistened in the sun, the high hill crowned with the citadel rising imposingly behind them.

To the English tourist entering Spain three things start prominently forward to attract his attention. First, the heat; second, the cigarettes, and third, the priests. About the heat there can be no manner of doubt; the sun bakes down from a clear, dark-blue sky, and is reflected from houses aggravatingly white and dazzling, from green blinds painfully brilliant, from red tiles overpoweringly glaring, and from dusty roads painfully, chokingly hot. For some reason the Spanish side of the Pyrenees is always brighter than the French; whenever clouds roll along valleys and cap mountains in this part of the world, it is upon the French side. I have myself, in crossing one of the highest of the Pyrenean passes, ascended, on the French side, through thick cloud, opaque mist, and pertinacious drizzle, to

cross the narrow ridge which divides the two kingdoms, to find the Spanish side bathed in sunlight, and the peaks of the high mountains standing out clear and sharp against a blue-black sky; and this is no uncommon occurrence. Upon another occasion, from the Pic de Nethon, the highest point of the Maladetta (the Mont Blanc of the Pyrenees), I have seen the view uninterruptedly alike over hill and dale in Spain; while looking across the boundary-ridge into France, there was not a valley which had not its rolling mass of vapour, from which the mountain peaks rose like islands in a huge gray ocean. This, I believe, is accounted for by the difference in soil, that of France being fertile to luxuriance, while the land on the Spanish side is hard, dry, and stony, with comparatively little vegetation.

With respect to the cigarettes, most nations have their peculiarities in tobacco and the mode of using it. The clay pipe is rarely seen out of England; the Germans inhale the soothing weed through long stems from china bowls; the Turks through serpentine tubes. The French smoke their own cigars; the Italians twist their tobacco into long, thin rolls, giving their cigars the appearance of having run to seed, and of really deserving the name of '*weeds*,'—weeds, too, which have grown apace; while in Spain the national mode of smoking is the white-paper cigarette. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, insert the little paper tube between their lips, and suffer the pale-blue fragrant smoke to curl in and about their dark beards and luxuriant moustaches. It must strike every visitor in Spain that appearance of men of all ages placidly puffing at their white cigarettes, at all times and in all places, lighting one from the ashes of another, and inhaling the smoke as if it were the pure air.

As every one, on visiting France for the first time, must have been surprised at the extraordinary number of uniformed men walking and lounging in the streets, so, in passing through a Spanish town,

every one must have remarked the black-robed, strangely-hatted priests, who, with eyes bent on the ground, pass in every direction, occasionally raising their heads to scowl at the English heretics, as if they longed again for the days of the Inquisition and the restoration of the good old fashion of burning those who held a different faith to themselves. Spain is doubtless the most priest-ridden country in the world: her sovereign is said to be entirely under the influence of the Church; and perhaps never was country, so admirably supplied by nature with all the requisites for greatness and prosperity, so sluggish, so involved, and so far behind its neighbours. Naturally, amongst these priests there are many large-minded, talented, clever, energetic men; but, as a rule, their bringing-up, their education, and their employment conduce to narrow-mindedness, and render them unfit to promote the commercial prosperity of a country. Far be it from me to condemn a class of men whom I honour and respect; but, to use a homely expression, 'Let the cobbler stick to his last,' the priest to the church, the statesman to the council-chamber.

Independently of its historical interest, the citadel is the point for which all visitors to San Sebastian make: for from it one of the most superb sea views imaginable is to be obtained. It is built on the summit of a high hill rising very precipitously from the sea, and almost equally steep on the land side. Zigzags, however, conduct the tourist to the top by easy slopes, and the different turns reveal fresh beauties at every step: at one time the prospect being of the mountains and plains of Spain, with the bright sunshiny town lying beneath one's feet; at another, of the distant Pyrenees rearing their head up into the clouds; and at a third, the wide-spreading bay of Biscay, with the sunlight quivering on its waves, with its white spray dashing up against the dark rocks, and the ships tossing on its never-quiet surface. About two-thirds of the way up the adventurous tourist arrives at a tolerably level place,

with bright green turf under foot, and graceful trees bending in the breeze overhead. It is a charming spot; but there is a sad interest attached to it: for, from the brilliantly-green grass rise numerous white stones, with inscriptions upon them, which tell how many gallant men fell in rushing up that steep hill; how they were mowed down by grape and canister as they struggled upwards towards the citadel fighting for their king and country. Beneath the sod, with the trees waving above their graves, lie the bones of many of those brave soldiers who fell in the siege of San Sebastian, the 8th of September, 1813. In a calm, quiet, lovely, peaceful spot they lie, their tombstones facing the ocean and their native land. All honour to them!

It is hard to realize now, in visiting the citadel, the scene of bloodshed and slaughter enacted there little more than fifty years ago, even though the walls bear the unmistakeable traces of the cannon-balls, many of which are still embedded in the stone. A pleasant, peaceful, dilapidated fortification it is now, with its two or three lounging sentries and a sub-officer, dividing his time between smoking cigarettes and looking through a telescope, both in an equally idle and listless manner. No words can do justice to the magnificent panorama obtained from this elevated position—mountains, plains, and ocean, stretching out to an enormous distance, while the picturesque position of San Sebastian, with its beautiful bay and harbour, can be fully appreciated from this vantage ground.

Of guide-book sights which the helpless traveller is bound to see, San Sebastian, with the exception of the citadel, is destitute; its cathedral and churches are remarkable for no architectural beauties; its streets are in no way singular; and its promenade is scarcely worthy of special attention; but a saunter to the bathing-place, even under a broiling sun, will well repay such tourists as may find themselves in this Spanish watering-place.

The mode of bathing at San Sebastian resembles more that of

Ramsgate than Biarritz, the elaborate toilet of the latter place not being considered requisite; but then the social style is not adopted, ladies and gentlemen having different, though adjacent portions of the bay allotted to them, their evolutions being watched from the elevated road which runs round the portion of the bay devoted to aquatic amusements. While on this subject, I must mention the extraordinary duck-like nature of the Spanish *gamins*, who appear to be as much at home in the water as on land. Any part of the bay is their bathing-place, and they swim and dive with marvellous ease. It is a recognised amusement to throw sours into the sea for them to dive after, and the rapidity and dexterity of their movements, on and under water, is well worth the expenditure of a few coins. No sooner does the halfpenny disappear beneath the surface than a dozen pair of heels simultaneously flash in the sun, cleave through the green water and disappear, and, after the lapse of a few seconds, a dozen heads bob up, and one set of teeth clenches tightly the sought-for coin.

We were considerably disappointed in finding that at San Sebastian the graceful mantilla was not *la mode*, the ladies being, for the greater part, attired according to the most recent Paris fashion: however, later in the day, when more people appeared on the promenade, I saw several women wearing it, though not nearly so many as I observed the previous summer in Milan. The gentlemen, too, mostly followed the French fashion in their attire; but the lower orders were dressed in that charming, bright, picturesque costume which is so pleasing to look upon in a picture, but which is so filthily dirty in reality. As for the soldiers, of whom there was no lack—partly, probably, by reason of the queen being at the time stopping at a short distance from San Sebastian,—the less said the better; for a more repulsive, lounging, dirty, untidy-looking set of men, in more frightful, incommodious, hot, brown uniforms, I think I never had the misfortune

to see. There was nothing of that neat, trim appearance about them to which we are accustomed in the English and French soldiery; and altogether they looked more like an army on the boards of one of the minor theatres than real trained soldiers.

From the citadel, in looking down upon the town, our attention had been attracted to a low circular erection of wood, which we had no difficulty in identifying as the amphitheatre; and towards it, after we had descended the hill, we directed our steps. There had been no bull-fights at San Sebastian for some time, and the place was shut up; however, we had no difficulty in obtaining admission and looking round the scene where so many of those combats had taken place, which, barbarous as they sound in description to English ears, must yet possess a strange interest and fascination to those who witness them. The amphitheatre at San Sebastian is, to tell the truth, but a shabby, tumble-down sort of place, built entirely of wood, with rows of seats rising one above the other. It is not roofed in, and consequently is exposed to the action of the weather, which has rotted the benches and blistered the paint to a most unsightly degree. It, however, possesses a lop-sided, decaying, tawdrily-decorated box, which is reserved for royalty: it is to be hoped that before royalty enters it it will be repaired.

Before visiting Spain we had been warned of the off-hand manner—almost amounting to incivility—we were likely to experience at the hotels; and we found the accounts we had received by no means exaggerated. In the course of the afternoon, having had nothing but the grapes since our breakfast at Hindaye, we were vulgar enough to feel hungry; and we entered an hotel with an imposing inscription, to the effect that French was spoken there. We found no one to receive us, and, unquestioned, we mounted the stairs, looking in vain for some one to whom to state our wants. At length a listless waitress made her appearance, and to her we stated

our wish to be supplied with something to eat.

'There is the table-d'hôte at six o'clock,' she said.

We explained that that was not what we required; but only received the same reply, with the additional information that we need not come to it if we did not like, but that till that hour we could have nothing. In vain we urged our hunger, reducing our demands to bread and cheese. It was useless, 'There is a table-d'hôte at six o'clock,' repeated the girl, haughtily, and swept away, leaving us to stay or go as we thought best. No one else appeared, and, after a consultation, we left the hotel to try a second. There we received the same answer—with the exception that the hour was five.

'You can have nothing now,' said the waiting-maid, almost indignantly. 'At five o'clock there is the table-d'hôte, at which, if there are any vacant places, you can dine.' And she, too, swept haughtily away, as if resenting our intrusion. Ultimately we were compelled to stay our hunger with chocolate and biscuits at a café, and wait for the five o'clock table-d'hôte.

'What places are vacant?' we asked, entering the *salle-à-manger* at the hour named.

'None.'

'Can't we dine here?'

'No.'

Again and again we appealed to the different waiters; but only one spoke French, and we were at her mercy. Finally, driven to desperation, we seated ourselves in line at the table, clutching tightly at our chairs, firmly resolved that nothing but muscular force should remove us; but happily we were allowed to retain possession of the seats, no

one disputing our right; and, to do the hotel proprietor justice, the dinner was certainly an excellent one, and reasonable. Seated next to me was a Spaniard with a bevy of daughters, to whom my four English appeared to form no small source of amusement. Secure in the ignorance of all those near us of the English language, we talked freely concerning our neighbours; when, to my surprise, the Spaniard, laying his hand upon my arm, and pointing to a dish then being handed round, said with a chuckle, 'Ros-bif.'

'Do you speak English?' I asked, not a little alarmed, fearing that our comments upon himself and family might have reached his ears. 'Do you speak English?'

'Plum pudding,' he answered, somewhat irrelevantly.

These words, I believe, constituted his entire knowledge of our language, but they were sufficient to cement a friendship; and on leaving the table, he grasped my hand and shook it cordially, crying out, 'Adieu English,' with the greatest fervour. The head waitress took our money surlily, as if under protest, and then we hastened along the promenade and dusty road to the railway station, where, in what was indeed a waiting-room, we spent nearly an hour in expectation of the arrival of the train which was to convey us back to *la belle France*. It came at last; we entered our carriage, and late at night arrived, tired, dusty, and sleepy, at Biarritz, well pleased with our day's excursion into Spain, but, at the same time, entertaining no notion of ever making a lengthy stay in a country where heat, dirt, and incivility are the prevailing characteristics.



VIRGINIA WATER.

'YOU had better not go to-night, sir,' said the gatekeeper. 'I wouldn't advise you. Keep straight a-head and you can't go wrong if you don't lose sight of the water for long. Go in by the little gate; we only open the big gates for the Queen.'

Darkness had settled down upon the close of a glorious summer day. That evening, after tea, I had left the royal burgh of Windsor, and had walked in the marsh through the Long Avenue and the Park, in the direction of Virginia Water, intending to sojourn at the Wheatsheaf that night. I had been devoting a week or two to the exploration of some of the most beautiful and classic scenery in the country—that broad and fair expanse of country which you contemplate from the terrace of Windsor Castle. I had been to Burnham Beeches, beloved by a thousand artists; and Gray's description applied as exactly as it did a hundred years before; and I visited the grey tower of Stoke Pogis at the hour when each sight and sound repeated itself as in the *Elegy*. I had visited Horton, standing at the grave of Milton's mother, and trying to compare the Horton poems with the Horton scenery. I had been over to Binfield, which, still secluded by railways, may remind us, with more than ordinary fidelity, of the groves where Pope sang. I had boated down to Runnymede, and I had unearthed Black Pots, where Izaak Walton used to come yearly to fish with the wise Wotton, Provost of Eton. I had gone up to that portion of the Thames by the side of which Shelley had probably meditated some of his best poems. Nearer Windsor one had to look up Datchet, where Falstaff was so ill washen, and where Charles II., according to Lord Rochester, used to fish; and at Windsor itself we had the recollection of the Merry Wives, and then the search for Herne's Oak, which traditional tree was cut down a few years ago, and its relics dispersed among the curious. Then one had to do the

private apartments at the Castle, and the private grounds of Frogmore with their eight miles of wall-fruit. Every now and then I had a sail on the Thames, where the stream is broadest and most rapid, feathered with dense foliage to the water's edge, and its shores adorned with magnificent buildings and stately parks. The Thames is here, to my mind, of superior interest to the Rhine, and, unlike the Rhine, we were not pestered with a quantity of English tourists. The little fishing inns were pretty well filled by passionate lovers of angling, who, many of them, come down to these parts year after year; but of regular tourists, taking this home circuit like myself, I only discovered a solitary specimen.

I walked meditatively down one of the side avenues of the Long Walk, and the blaze of sunset had subsided into more sober light as I reached the equestrian statue of George III. Happily the English sunset does not fade as rapidly as the Italian, but is far more beautiful and prolonged. After resting for a few minutes at Snow Hill, admiring Westmacott's fine work in granite—admiring the Castle view, with its fine groups of beech trees in the foreground—I turned aside in the direction of Cumberland Lodge. This is a great spacious building, which may be comfortable and even luxurious enough, but which has no architectural pretensions. It was the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, the conqueror of Culloden, who tarnished a great achievement by great cruelty. He will always be remembered in connection with the Park and Virginia Water. He was Ranger of the Park, and is sometimes, in local matters, confounded with that other Duke of Cumberland who was also Ranger—a brother of George III.'s. This last Duke of Cumberland was a weak and silly young man. His Royal Highness was a party in a divorce case, in which he had to pay exemplary damages; and all the *quidnuncs* of that day were amused with

the perusal of his ridiculous love-letters, and the knowledge that the boon companions of his Royal Highness looked upon him as little better than a fool and a merry-andrew. The other Duke of Cumberland brought away the materials of Holbein's gate at Whitehall, and intended to have erected it as a termination to the avenue, but death interrupted his design. Near Cumberland Lodge stood the Royal Lodge, which was built by George IV., and formed a secluded retreat which he liked beyond any palatial abode. In such seclusion did he live, that when he took his drives horsemen would scour the country for miles in advance, that no one should intrude on the royal solitude. It is stated in Murray's Guide to Berks, Bucks, and Oxon (a very valuable publication, by the way), that it has all been pulled down except conservatories and drawing-rooms. This, however, is a mistake; the house is beautifully fitted up as a private residence, and enjoyed by a family who are deserving favourites of the Queen. Quite as much to my taste, however, is a certain chapel in the Park, for the use of labourers and others, and served, I think, by the clergy of Old Windsor. Windsor itself is New Windsor; Old Windsor is a pretty village on the Thames, about a mile from the Castle. Quite as pleasing, too, though in another way, was an old Waterloo veteran, covered with medals and clasps, whom I found in charge of one of the lodge gates. I was glad to see that the Crown had provided him, in this lodge, with a spacious and beautiful dwelling, which he had so well deserved; and he was greatly pleased when I requested to have the honour of shaking him by the hand. It was not one of the least associations of the forest that beneath one of its old oaks Sir Walter Scott read aloud his yet unpublished 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' So I passed along a noble tract, which, though forest no longer, is still forest-like in character, and reached the extremity of the park, where, despite the keeper's warning, I turned aside for my two-mile walk from the gates.

To the thousands of excursionists who come down by the South Western line, or who drive through from Windsor, the warning might appear, as it did to me, quite superfluous. The path is well worn and monotonous; but even such a path may be interesting and exciting, when you are alone, when it is night, when it is one which has many associations for you, and which you are traversing for the first time. The sense of loneliness was as profound as if you had been in the depths of a Canadian forest; for having rested to refresh myself beyond the park limits, it was now very late at night. The lake spread out in the dubious light, large and solemn, and unbroken by sound or sail, seemed almost like a Dead Sea. At times some startled wild thing started across my path—some hare aroused, or pheasant on the wing. At times this path deserted the margin of the lake, and the light deserted the path, and the way was obscure enough. The bearings, however, were speedily discovered. I was, however, very nearly making a raid on the Honourable Mrs. Byng's house, fancying it the 'Wheat-sheaf.' The chief peril lay in the dew, which was falling very heavily, and by which I was completely saturated by the time I reached my hostel; I did so when all business was over, and the apparition of a traveller was unexpected. The accommodation was very good; a little costly, perhaps; but this must necessarily be the case with good hotels that can only depend for customers on a certain portion of the year.

I saw things very pleasantly and certainly the next morning. It is a great pleasure, and a rare one, to be enjoying a new landscape in the clear, fresh morning hours. Virginia Water is the largest piece of artificial water in this country. The scenery lost by the distinctness of daylight when compared with the impressions of the preceding night. There was not the bloom and freshness which belong to the real lake embosomed among hills. The total absence of any sort of boat was a drawback. There was not even a

gondola, such as the Empress has placed on the much smaller expanse of water at Fontainebleau. The surroundings are chiefly the edifices of Wyatville. Wyat, *alias* Sir James Wyatville, made the fishing temple on Virginia Water; Belvidere Fort, which was formerly a tea-room of the Duke of Cumberland's; the artificial ruin, which is formed chiefly of capitals, columns, and other architectural fragments from Tripoli, porphyry, granite, and marble; and the boathouse, hermitage, floating bridge and rustic bridge at the foot of the cascade. Not that I wish to speak disrespectfully of Sir James, who, in reality, was a greater architect—certainly if tried by the test of utility—than most people take him to be. He has made Windsor Castle the most homelike and enjoyable of great palaces. There is a gallery in front of the Chinese fishing-temple where, day after day, George IV., like Charles II. at Datchet, used to amuse himself with fishing. There is a battery of twenty-one guns at the Belvidere, which was used by the Duke of Cumberland in the '45 campaign. Near the cascade there is a kind of grotto, the stones of which were dug up at Bagshot Heath, and we are told that these are supposed to have been a Druidical cromlech. We must not forget the miniature frigate which floats on the water. This, I think, is a tolerably correct inventory of the properties belonging to Virginia Water.

But let it not be supposed that there is no real beauty belonging to this sheet of water. Virginia Water has been praised and loved by poets. I should hardly have imagined that Mr. Charles Knight—for whose useful literary career I entertain a sincere respect and a feeling of gratitude—should have written a poem on Virginia Water, which might well claim a place in his autobiographical volumes. He has written a poem on Virginia Water which he divides into two parts, severally on the Cascade and the Lake. With a true poetical touch, Mr. Knight has seized upon the best points of the scenery, which he accurately photographs for us.

'I love thee not the less that thou hast come
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentler thing.'

And yet, though an artificial creation, Mr. Knight does rightly in speaking of it as 'a wild and solemn scene.' The brown, rocky, mossy stones, the rank thick grass, with the frequent willow and birch, the low woods skirting the water-side, the spongy uncropped turf, the ferns and lichen, the heathery slips with the thick purple flowers, are faithfully reproduced in this little poem. He points out how

'Never mute
Is thy subduing voice; and never leafless
Are the thick firs that tower above the height
In manifold hues.'

The poetical characteristics of the artificial part of the lake are well caught up:—

'I joy to know
That tasteful memory doth dwell with thee;
That temples, graceful as thy silent waters,
Adorn thine islets; and that flowers as bright
As stars, more sweet than flowers of Araby,
Gleam 'midst thy willows. When the evening
glow
Glows in thy mirror, I may steal away
From man's loud hum, to fancy that a note
Of that soft music, clarinet and flute
And mellow horn, that soothes a monarch's
ear,
Reaches my distant longings.'

Mr. Knight speaks of the 'early joys and present hopes' associated with Virginia Water, which, for many persons, will have an increased interest from this *souvenir*; and ends with the apostrophe, 'A patriot king hath known thee.' As no date is given to the publication of the Annual, where the poem first appeared, we are unable to say to what 'patriot' king he refers; but the associations connected with our Queen are probably more multiplied, and certainly of higher worth.

The 'patriot' king associated with Virginia Water more than any other, was George IV. A good deal of the personal history of George IV. is connected herewith. He and Lady C—, 'the lady,' as she was called, used to do a good deal of fishing together on the water. There is something about it in the last volumes of the Grantley Berkeley biography, of which we lately said something in these pages. The flirtation was of a more harmless

character than is generally supposed; 'I've got a bite!' and 'So have I!' being probably the more exciting items of the conversation. The king was tired of ceremonies of state, and he liked best to abandon them altogether, and to keep the royal park to himself, and to cast a line for a fish. I am afraid that to George IV. angling was hardly what it was to the good and gentle Wotton, who fancied that it was 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' As for Lady C——, Mr. Grantley Berkeley is at pains to explain that she did not use her influence either for filling her jewel-case or for pushing political objects. People chose, indeed, to be satirical, and to say ill-natured things. To quote Berkeley—'There were no lovers in the whole range of history or fiction they did not call into requisition to indicate that tender union. Lovers, however, they knew very well they were not; the idea was ludicrous and made the most of. The sly reflections on the subject that were interchanged by Freemantle and Herbert Taylor, would have created more broad grins than George Colman ever provoked in his happiest mood. The king might have been in worse hands. In truth, "the lady" did not make the capital out of her favouritism she could have done. Among the jewels presented to her were a few articles belonging to the Crown she was called upon afterwards to return. The donor, though thus imprudently liberal, did not imitate the reckless prodigality of James I., who literally cast the royal pearls before the greediest of swine. All the gifts this lady ever received from her distinguished friend would have been held by her in little estimation for their money value.' Other estimates of this person are by no means so favourable.

There is something very melancholy in the last days of George IV. In those last days he seems to have

relapsed into second childhood. He was very fond of pastry and sweet things, took a good deal of vegetables, didn't like meat, and in all respects conducted himself like a spoilt child. He no longer seemed sensual and greedy; he was an overgrown, frivolous baby. Captain Gronow, who has borne heavy testimony against George IV., and the ruin in which he involved all those who came in close contact with him, gives us a pitiable account of his last days. 'He was very fond of punch, made from a recipe by his *maitre d'hôtel*, Mr. Maddison, and which he drank after dinner. This was the only time he was agreeable, and on these occasions he would sing songs, relate anecdotes of his youth, and play on the violoncello, afterwards going to bed in a "comfortable" state. But a nervous disorder which affected him prevented his sleeping well, and he invariably rose in the morning in the most unamiable of tempers. Poor man! he was greatly to be pitied; for he was surrounded by a set of harpies, only intent on what they could get out of him, among the most prominent of whom was Lady C——, the "English Pompadour." He was so morbid about being stared at, that he would dismiss the very female servants of his own establishment if they were detected in the act of looking at him, utterly setting aside the time-worn axiom that a kitten may look at a king.'

Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his Autobiography, has an interesting reference to the royal angler of Virginia Water:

'I generally went to the king's apartments about ten o'clock in the morning, and sat by his bedside for one or two hours before my departure, during which he conversed on various subjects, not unfrequently speculating on his own condition and prospects. In his more sanguine moments his mind would revert to the cottage which he had built at Windsor Park, and he expressed the pleasure which it would afford him to return to this his favourite retreat, as if he had found the comparatively retired life which he had led then much more suited

to his taste than the splendour of Windsor Castle. The impression made on my mind by the very limited observation which I was able to make on these occasions was, that the king would have been a happier and a better man if it had been his lot to be nothing more than a simple country gentleman instead of being in the exalted position which he inherited.

In my morning ramble I was accidentally joined by a very old man who was staying at the inn, just the sort of old man who ought to turn up at opportune moments with useful information, but who, as a matter of fact, are not generally met with as required. He told me he remembered the place an immense number of years ago, sixty I think, when of course it was very different to what it was at present. He was coming down on a journey from the north, and he should never forget his first acquaintance with the cascade. He had known it very well ever since from peculiar circumstances. Yes, he said, it was a great pity that no boats were allowed on the lake for the use of the public. Applications had been repeatedly made to the proper officials, who had replied that the matter should be taken into consideration, but the considering people had not yet taken off their considering caps. Who was the official, the ranger? No; there was no ranger now, none since the time of the Prince Consort. It was a goodly rangership, and the Queen was doubtless keeping it for one of her younger sons. Then of course there was great admiration expressed for the Prince Consort in his capacity as ranger. The Queen drove along every now and then. Bless you, he had known the Queen ever since she was *that* high. He used to keep an inn on a certain road between London and the coast, and whenever the Duchess of Kent went abroad she used to put up at his house, and he used to make friends with the young Princess and gather posies for them. If ever he

had an opportunity he would remind her Majesty of that fact. The misfortune was that he was never likely to have an opportunity. Yes, there was plenty of game in those woods down by the water. He only wished he could blaze away at it. That, he thought, was a privilege conceded to very few, certainly not to the likes of him or me. Other gossip did this worthy old man discourse to me, and, generally speaking, the people in the Windsor localities are very ready and proud to tell anything they know about the royal family at the Castle. They are capital customers at the Windsor shops. If any of the royal family are making purchases when strangers enter, they are careful not to attract any attention by voice or manner.

At certain times Virginia Water is inundated by visitors. I should think that this would be especially the case in the Ascot week, for the 'Wheatsheaf' is very handy for Ascot. The Ascot races were founded by that Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III., to whom we have already referred in this brief paper. The 'Quarterly Review' says that he became possessed of the best stock, the best blood, and the most numerous stud in the kingdom. He was the breeder of Eclipsa. When Windsor Forest, once a hundred and twenty miles in circuit, was in great part disafforested, Ascot and its avenues were to be kept and continued for racing purposes. Many are the pleasure parties that come down to Ascot; and it is delightful to think what easy access the hot, tired Londoners possess to some of the choicest parts of English scenery. But what pleased me most was to know that a young new-married couple came to Virginia Water for a day, and lingered and lingered on week after week. I think this speaks well for the real beauty and romance that belong to the scenery. To them this Great Park was doubtless an Eden, and this Virginia Water as the rivers of Paradise.

PICKED UP IN THE ROW.

A Story founded on fact.

AN ominous cloud had been gradually growing up from the western horizon, and at last had crept over the face of the sun and hidden him from sight. But the riders and walkers took no notice—as who ever does take notice when Pleasure is at the helm?—of the coming shower, but laughed and chatted as though it were the first day they had come into the beautiful world and were to last for ever. A brave sight Rotten Row was that morning, a sight such as is not to be matched in any other corner of the world. The ride was filled with a dense crowd. The lovely English girls, flushed with the exercise, passed by like goddesses on their beautiful English horses, while ever and anon a low musical laugh broke on the hum of conversation, which the stillness of the air—the sure presage of a storm—rendered sensible. Among them and beside them rode the cavaliers, now restraining with firm hand the impetuosity of their horses, now, perchance, bending low in whispers not meant for the common ear. The flower of the gentlemen of England were there. The Heir Apparent to the throne, at their head, cantered down the Row on his favourite grey, through a grove of doffed hats, returning with scrupulous consideration every salute made to him. Chancellors of the Exchequer, past and present, were there, seeking relief from official toil and a renewal of strength to deal with dull, dry figures. Civil servants were there, riding off the effects of breakfast, before giving themselves up to the crushing labour of their respective offices. Ambassadors, *attachés*, and secretaries of legation were there, intent on performing the agreeable duties of society which are so large a part of their business. Idle elder sons with titles and estates were there, smiling and happy in the consciousness of a balance on the right side at their banker's. Idle younger sons without title or estates

too were there, not less smiling and happy, though with the consciousness of a balance on the wrong side at their tailor's. All the various elements of which fashionable society is composed, in fact, were there, cantering, trotting, walking, and following out, meantime, each one his own particular scheme of love, pleasure, or business. Those who were not riding, sauntered up and down the side-walk, or lounged upon the iron chairs which the far-seeing enterprise of a considerate speculator had provided for their use. The walk itself stretched from Apsley House to the Serpentine like a gay and living parterre, and, by the brilliancy and freshness of the toilettes, in which white of course predominated, served to form a contrast with the more sombre hues of the riders, with whom at a hundred points it was holding gay and animated converse, caressing with delicately-gloved hand the shining coats of the horses, looking up from under hats with temerity or from under infinitesimal bonnets with timidity, and betraying, in spite of all efforts, the hopes and fears, the agitations and delights which go to make up the old, old tale of love. To the most superficial observer the scene is delightful; but how much more delightful to him who lives behind the scenes—who holds the key to each one of the little dramas that are being enacted around—who can trace to its source the expression on each face, and appreciate the force of situations which to the gallery appear commonplace. He knows why Miss Lane puts down her veil when poor young Rasper comes by; why Sir John, her father, breaks into a canter when the Marquis has passed them; and why young Rasper, who is counted a good rider, gets cannoned against and objugated for not looking where he is going to. He knows why Clara Westland has come out alone with the groom, and why she rides right along to Queen's Gate, where no-

body ever goes. He also knows why that young scamp Tom Ruffer likes to stand down in the same direction, under a tree, in order to admire the progress of the Albert Memorial. He knows, too, why handsome Jack Fairfax is talking politics to the wicked old Adullamite Lord Swansdown, in a loud voice, on one side, and something else, in a lower tone, to the daughter, Lady Jane, on the other. He knows why Jack suddenly recognises somebody he never saw before, in the side-walk, when poor Miss Julia Morton passes him; and he understands why Julia insists on going home to lunch, although it is not yet one o'clock.

Thinking of all these things, and taking credit to myself for being a philosopher, and so moved myself by none of them, I was walking my horse quietly along and reflecting with economical regret upon the damage I was doing to the brim of my hat, in the performance of the half-summersault which represents the only proper mode of saluting ladies,—when, suddenly, in the middle of my fortieth bow, I was conscious of a great movement among the riders, and at the same instant an enormous rain-drop fell exactly on the top of my uncovered head. The shower was coming at last, and its advent was like the irruption of a hawk into a nest of doves. Every rider put spurs to his or her horse and started off at full gallop, some for shelter and the more timid for home. It was a perfect stampede; and the mounted policemen who had been stationed in the Row that morning, for the first time, to prevent 'furious riding,' looked on helplessly, not knowing what course it would be proper to take consistently with their instructions when everybody was riding furiously. My old hunter Charlie pricked up his ears at the unwonted movement, and thinking, probably, that there was a fox somewhere, or reflecting, possibly, that the time had arrived for being frightened, began to plunge and rear violently, which, for him, is so extraordinary a proceeding that I indulged him with the spur as an

encouragement, when he bolted forward and all but carried me through a party, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, immediately in front. I turned to apologize, and saw that one of the gentlemen was Fred Fellowes, who was looking quite radiant and smiling,—the ladies I did not know. Nevertheless, I had seen them riding every day through the season, and, in common with others, had remarked the singular beauty of the younger one, who was a beautiful blonde, with a white transparent complexion, a wealth of hair of a pure golden hue, and limpid blue eyes bearing a constant air of surprised candour. The little mouth, with its thin lips, was in constant though almost imperceptible movement, and evidenced—as the mouth does more than any other feature of the face—a high intelligence, while the dainty nostrils ever and anon dilated with something like scorn, and the eyes flashed with a light quite surprising as a contrast to the simplicity of the same face when in repose.⁹⁴

It must not be supposed that I noticed all this at that moment, for, in fact, I had been studying the face all through the season, and had come to the conclusion that it was the most beautiful to be seen in the Park. Nobody seemed to know the young lady or her mother, and I was astonished to see Fred riding with them, because I had often mentioned them to him and been met by the commonplaces which it is proper to debit about people one does not know. I pulled up under a tree, and the whole party passed me, but immediately afterwards Fred doffed his hat, and leaving the rest, who went on towards Albert Gate, came and joined me with the air of a man perfectly contented and happy with himself and all the world.

'Your bay is quite skittish today,' said he. 'You nearly galloped over me.'

'That would have been a pity, under the circumstances. So you know the *blondinette*, eh?'

'Yes,' he answered, smiling; 'I know her—a little.'

'Just like you—sly dog! You've

got a monopoly of her acquaintance, eh?"

'No; not quite. There's one other fellow who is not likely to forget her.'

'How did you get introduced to her?'

'I introduced myself; or, rather, she introduced herself.'

'Threw herself into your arms, eh?'

'You've literally hit it. But it is a long story; and as I want to tell it you, suppose you come to my rooms and have some lunch.'

The proposal exactly suited me. So we went down Constitution Hill at a hand gallop through the rain, pulled up at the door of Fred's rooms, and gave our horses to the groom who was in waiting. Fred's rooms are the most delightful bachelor quarters in London, and, at the same time, the most tasteful. And after luncheon we lit the cigar of peace; and sitting over a bottle of the most irreproachable Amontillado in the softest of easy chairs, and watching lazily through the open window the crowd of people sunning themselves, after the shower, along Pall Mall, Fred told me the history of his new acquaintance.

'You know, my dear fellow,' he said, 'that I am not, as some of my friends are' (and here he looked at me, though for what reason I can't possibly conceive), 'a general lover; in fact, I am so far behind the age that I can safely say I never had a flirtation in my life. The fact is, I got tired of the regular London girls almost before I knew them. They are too grand, too insolent, and too conscious of what they deserve in the way of settlements for me. I wandered about, therefore, with my fancy busy in forming the ideal I longed for; and at last I fancied I had gained such a perfect idea of what she must be like, that I should know her as soon as I saw her—that is to say, if I ever did see her, which I soon gave up hoping. Well, one day I was riding down the Row at a canter, looking over the people walking; and as I passed the celebrities of the season, blessing my stars that I had fallen in love with none of them. Suddenly I

heard a little stifled scream behind me on the off side, and an exclamation—"Mamma! what shall I do?—the saddle is slipping off." I turned in my seat, and there, close behind me, I saw two ladies, of whom the nearest was in the act of pulling up her horse, while the saddle, badly girthed, was slipping, and the lady with it, towards the ground. In an instant I pulled up my horse on his haunches, sprung from my saddle on the wrong side, made a half turn, and just caught her in my arms as she was helplessly falling off. I placed her safely on the ground, and turning to the horse, put the saddle back into its place, and tightened the girths. Then, for the first time, I looked at the young lady. Well, my dear fellow, I won't tell you, because I can't, the impression she produced upon me. All I can remember is, that it seemed to grow upon me suddenly that here at last was the ideal I had been for ever seeking, and I stood looking at her, quite speechless.'

'And devoutly wishing, I suppose, that you'd got to catch her in your arms again,' I broke in.

'No; I seemed to be lost in contemplation of her. She blushed, and stooped to arrange her riding-habit. Recalled to myself, I assisted her to remount; and thinking then, for the first time, of my own horse, I found that a groom had taken charge of him. I remounted and said a few words—I hardly know what—expressive of a hope that the young lady was not hurt. The elder lady, who, evidently, from the likeness, was her mother, then began to thank me for the assistance I had rendered; while I, having somewhat recovered my presence of mind, rode on—only too glad of the opportunity—at her side, disclaiming, at rather more length than perhaps was quite necessary, any merit at all in the case, and expressing, as pointedly as I could, my gratitude to the happy chance which had enabled me to assist her daughter in any way. She smiled at the word daughter; and as I still rode on by her side, she asked, might she know to whom

she was to feel indebted for the timely help given to her daughter. Only too pleased, I gave my name; at which she smiled again. "I think I know some of your family. Is not your uncle a neighbour of mine, in Gloucestershire?" she asked. I replied that I had an uncle in Gloucestershire. "Then," said she, "you surely must have heard him mention his neighbours, the Flaxtons." I replied that I had; and Mrs. Flaxton, as I now made her out to be, resumed—"I hope, then, you will call upon us, and give my husband an opportunity of thanking you for the assistance you so opportunely rendered to Constance." As this was evidently a *congé*, I turned my horse homewards with a last parting glance and bow to Constance, as I already called her to myself. The next day I passed in longing for four o'clock to come; and after taking nearly an hour to dress myself, I realized for the first time the fact that I had not a single necktie, coat, or pair of gloves that suited me; that my boots were too large, my hat too low, and my general appearance as unsatisfactory as possible. However, I took heart, walked to the house, and, strange to say, found them at home, Constance looking even more beautiful in her light summer dress, and with her glorious hair uncovered, than in her riding-habit, which for any other woman would, I take it, be simply an impossibility. I did my best to make myself agreeable, but went away in half an hour, conscious that my best had been a lamentable failure, and utterly disgusted with myself. Two days after they asked me to dinner, the next day to lunch; and very soon scarcely a morning passed that I did not ride with them, or an evening that I did not see them. All this time was delicious to me. I was drinking in deep draughts of the sweet poison of love, and I could not help thinking that Constance herself was not untouched by my evident assiduities. Yet now and then she would suddenly break off in the midst of a conversation and turn her head away in confusion for

a moment, while the sorrowful, pitying look with which she would again meet me was as alarming as it was inexplicable. Thus I went on, alternately hoping and fearing, till at length I could bear it no longer, and resolved to know my fate. Do you remember how I worried your mother to get me a card for Lady Swansdown's ball?

'I thought that you were rather anxious about it—for you.'

'It was because I knew she was to be there. I arrived at half-past ten o'clock, and was stared at by the link-man as though I were an extinct animal. I was made to dance the first quadrille, I remember, for the first time in my life. After that I resolutely stood in the doorway watching the arrivals. At last I saw the little fair head gleaming in the crowd of people coming up-stairs. I made my way to her and asked for the next dance, but with no thought of dancing. I led her through the ball-rooms, to the little boudoir—you know it, hung with blue silk—at the end of them, and then and there, trembling with emotion and hardly knowing what I said, I whispered the burning words, the hopes and wishes that had been so long on my lips. For an instant she stood quite still, and I pressed the arm which still lay within mine, and clasped her hand. Her head drooped; she disengaged her hand and stood before me with her eyes cast down, "Mr. Fellowes," she said simply, "I am engaged to be married." I was thunderstruck. The room seemed to turn round with me, and feeling that in an instant I should fall, I dropped rather than sat on one of the couches. She uttered an exclamation of alarm which roused me, and rising again, I took her hand and kissed it: then making a supreme effort, I hurried out from the room, and rushing down stairs left the house, feeling as if my heart would break. When I got home I remember I sat down and instinctively lit a cigar. It was a long time before I could actually realize that Constance was lost to me for ever: I had waited but for her to give me some hope—that hope had been given in a thousand ways—and even now I said to myself,

and savagely repeated it, that I was sure she loved me. I felt angry with her, too, that she had not told me this before. Then I made excuse for her and cursed myself for an idiot. I can't tell you, my dear fellow, what I went through that night, and if I could, I wouldn't, for you would think me mad. The next day, although it was the middle of the season, I went down to Scotland. In a week's time, however, I tired of that. I always thought of her whether walking through the heather, wading in salmon streams, or sitting, as I did, for hours together, under huge cairns, listless and idle. The longing to see her once more was, at last, too much for me, and I started off suddenly one morning, caught the mail train, and that evening was in London again. The next morning I mounted my old horse once more and went out, as usual, to the Row. After riding up and down several times, at last I met her face to face. She turned deadly pale and I saw the thin under lip quiver and the teeth meet in it. I simply raised my hat, and we passed each other; but I saw her no more that morning. After that I never missed riding in the Row a single day: sometimes I met her, sometimes not, and when we did meet, I used to think that she looked as if she pitied me. I tell you, my dear fellow, I lived on those looks. I could not make out who it was she was engaged to, as she seemed to ride as little with one gentleman as with another, nor, indeed, did I care much to know. It was enough for me that I had lost her; and I had never thought that I should feel for any woman what I felt when I remembered that.

'One evening, on going home to dress, I found a note upon my table. I looked at it carefully, and at once recognized her cipher. I was positively afraid to open it. At last I broke the seal, and imagine my astonishment when I found it contained an invitation to dinner for the next day, with the time, half-past seven, doubly underlined. I could not comprehend it, and my first idea was to refuse. I reflected, however,

that it could not have been mere heartlessness which induced them to ask me. They were probably leaving town, and her mother had asked me without speaking to her. I could not resist the idea of seeing her once more, perhaps of sitting beside her, and I at once wrote and accepted.

'Next day, as the clock struck the half-hour, I arrived at their door in Lowndes Square. The servant seemed rather surprised to see me, but showed me up into the drawing-room, shaking himself into his coat by the way. She was there alone, and rose to receive me as I entered the room. She was smiling, and her face was lit up with a curious expression which I could not fathom.

"I thought you would be punctual," she said. "Of course we don't dine till eight."

'I bowed and stood there, not knowing what to say or think. She went on—

"I underscored half-past seven, because I wanted to relate an anecdote to you," and as she said this her lip curled, her nostrils dilated, and her whole face assumed an expression of the most profound scorn. "Will you not sit down?" she asked in an altered manner. Mechanically I sat down, and she continued: "You were not riding yesterday morning, as usual?"

"No. I——"

"It is a pity you were not. You would have seen, as I did, an instance of courage and presence of mind quite surprising. There was a gentleman cantering slowly down the Row with a lady, when his horse, not knowing probably the ability of his rider, began to canter rather faster than he contemplated or wished, and finally broke into a gallop. The gentleman pulled at the reins—which I understand is the way horses are usually stopped or made to go more slowly—but in this case the horse did not seem to mind it, for he galloped as fast as before, or, if anything, faster. Are you listening?" I bowed. "Now his rider was a young man of great coolness and judgment, and he said to himself, 'It is quite clear that my horse and I are of different

opinions as to speed, and unless I take precautions it is probable that some accident will ensue.' He therefore proceeded to take the precautions which appeared to be necessary in such a case. He first of all took his feet out of the stirrups, but the horse nevertheless galloped on faster than ever. The next precaution he took was to throw away the reins, but that, too, failed to stop his career. He then leant coolly and calmly forward and seized the horse's mane, sitting, at the same time, as nearly on his neck as he could. Yet all this was of no avail, and as by this time he was tearing at full speed down the Row, he again reflected and said to himself, 'One only other precaution remains now to be taken, and that is, to fall off.' And fall off he did with great care and judgment, on his head. The horse ran on and was stopped by Apaley House. His hat was picked up at the other end of the Row. Both were brought to him as he was wiping the mud off his face and coat, in the expectation that he would remount. But here, again, his coolness and judgment did not desert him. 'Take the horse away,' he faltered, 'I would rather not ride him again;' and in spite of the jeers and taunts of the crowd, he walked away home, following his own groom on the horse. What do you think of my tale, Mr. Fellowes?"

'Astounded to hear her talk thus,

and with so much scorn and animation, I remained silent.

"You will see," she resumed, "it shows the fallibility of all human precautions, and it is painful to think that the gentleman I have been telling you of did not save himself from accident, although he took the precaution of showing himself in his true colours as a fool and a coward. Mr. Fellowes, I was engaged to be married to that gentleman, but after what I saw this morning, I would rather die than become his wife."

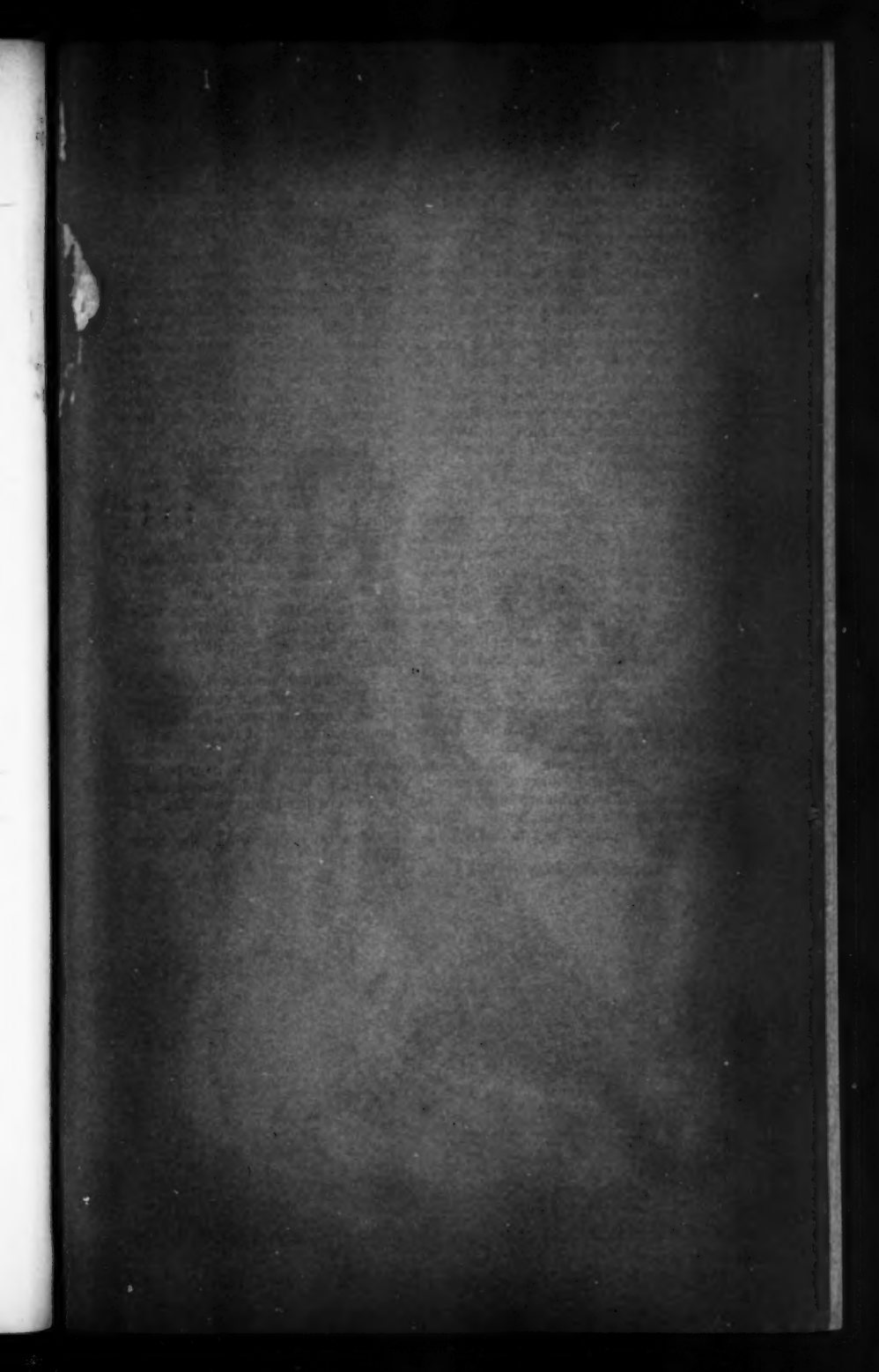
'It all broke upon me now. The next moment I had seized her hand and was pleading for myself with all the words I could find; and when her mother came down I made my demand and then and there was accepted. We are going to be married in a fortnight, and I want you to be best man.' We shall take a house in Leicestershire this winter and we'll give you a mount whenever you like to come down.'

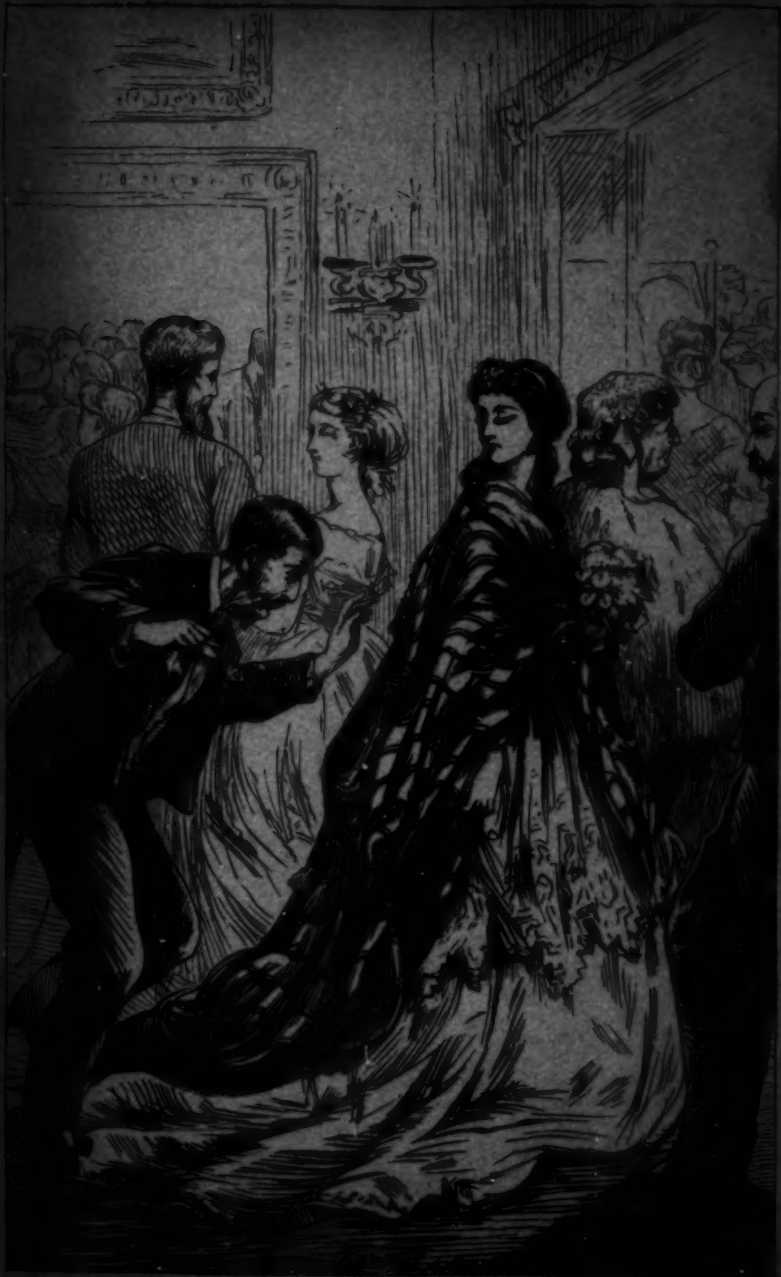
I consented, and as it was late I left Fred to a private contemplation of his happy prospects and walked home, thinking that the young lady had treated her first lover rather badly in throwing him over because he couldn't ride. I delicately said so to Fred when I next saw him: he replied—

'She only did what the horse did.'

BLANC-BEC.







Drawn by G. Brown.

A FATAL STEP.

[See page 100.]

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Author of "The

A FATAL STEP.

I'M not the sort of man, you know,
 Who sentimentalizes often;
 But this, believe me, was a blow
 Demanding change of air to soften.
 The girl was lovely as a grace;
 Her dress the sweetest ever put on.
 I set my heart upon her face—
 Her dress I only set my foot on.

It *was* a silly step to take;
 And half the room was in a titter
 (A fact which merely serves to make
 Remorse additionally bitter).
 Those trains are utterly absurd;
 I wonder why the women wear them.
 They seem designed, upon my word,
 For folks to tread upon and tear them.

She turned, and gave me *such* a glance;
 She smiled; but oh! in *such* a manner.
 Farewell, said I, my only chance
 Of Coote or Godfrey, Straus or Lanner.
 I think I blushed—I know I bowed
 And raised my erring patent-leather;
 Laid half the blame upon the crowd,
 And half upon the sultry weather.

I stayed an hour; I talked a bit
 With Guards and people from the City.
 My hearers, when I made a hit,
 Were kind enough to think me witty.
 They little knew, good easy men,
 The pangs that lay beneath my laughter—
 Pangs that were only stifled *then*
 To sting the more for ever after.

The season's nearly at an end
 (There's joy, at least, in *that* reflection!)
 A continental tour may tend
 To dull the edge of recollection.
 I might, perchance, in other climes
 Forget my sense of self-abhorrence;
 Should Peace return with better times
 And clear again the way to Florence.

H. S. L.

DRESS.

'Twas whispered in Paris, 'twas said in Pall Mall,
And "Descon" grew faint at the sound as it fell.'

THAT the days of crinoline were numbered. It was said at the beginning of the season that the decree had gone forth from the imperial throne at the Tuileries, and that its sentence had been passed. We were incredulous at the time, because a similar report had been current at various times, and this seemed likely to be another of the many illustrations of the old fable of the boy and the wolf. Still there were indications of a coming change, which made it appear not quite so improbable as it might otherwise have been. In the first place, it had had a longer reign than any other fashion; and, in the second, the Empress of the French, who was not only the originator of it, but also gives the key-note of fashion throughout Europe, was said to have discarded it for her evening toilette. Besides which, here and there, some of the more advanced guard appeared in public somewhat shorn of their dimensions. We were thus prepared to expect a considerable revolution in dress; but the crinoline, or cage, or steel petticoat, has taken a deeper hold upon the popular prejudice than fashions ordinarily do, and it will be no easy matter to displace it. There is not a scullion or maid-of-all-work that has not her 'dress improver,' as it used to be called in some slop-shops; and even the Irish peasant-girls are taking kindly to it. Besides which, with all its inconveniences and absurdities, upon which every one can dilate, the crinoline is not without its uses. In what other way, by what other means can the long trailing skirts of the present day be kept out of the dirt and filth of the London pavement? How ladies can consent to do the work of scavengers is a problem which they alone can solve. If this is one of the evils of the present fashion, it would be increased a hundredfold if the crinoline were discarded. That it is universally adopted, and has its advan-

tages, militate considerably against its disuse. It must be a long time before it is discontinued, especially when even such a high authority as the Empress of the French goes no further than to sanction only a partial discontinuance of it. How far ladies will gain by such a compromise is a very doubtful question, because no one whose circumference has been, of later years, an 'unknown quantity,' will like to appear suddenly before the world as a whipping-post, shorn of half her splendour; nor can we imagine a lady who is continually oscillating between crinoline and no crinoline otherwise than deeply perplexed at her own identity. The complications to which it must lead in the wardrobe department must be almost incalculable, involving additional expense where it is already profuse. If the transition is to be gradual, which the report implied, and if our nerves are to be spared the shock of any plainer indications of the lines of beauty, by ladies wearing numberless petticoats, starched à l'outrance and flounced up to the knee, in lieu of the one discarded crinoline, we doubt whether they will be glad of the exchange. We have been told of a race that was run between two ladies, one of whom, for the moment, laid aside her crinoline. She found that she could not run, that her petticoats impeded her, while her adversary had no difficulty in winning the race, as her crinoline secured to her the free use of her limbs. But they who rail against the prevailing fashion have abundant excuse for doing so if only the frequent accidents to which it leads are taken into account. In cases of fire it has not only been the immediate cause of the calamity, but has also mainly interfered with all the efforts to extinguish it.

That a wail and a lament should be raised by the report to which we have alluded, is not surprising, for

the majority are not remarkable for beauty of form and outline; and they who have been able to screen themselves and their imperfections behind a fashion which makes all women the same from their waist downwards, will not be slow to resist a change which bodes them so little good. One thing, however, is quite clear, that milliners, dress-makers, and silk-mercers are determined not to lose; for we are assured that what is lost in breadth will be made up in length—that in future ladies will be 'length without breadth.' The inordinate length of the kind of dress which has prevailed in Paris has given rise to the name of '*queue à la comète*.' One of three things must necessarily follow from this—either that even the smallest drums must be like royal processions, if due space is to be allotted to the spreading of ladies' tails; or ladies must follow the example of our great-grandmothers, who looped up their skirts through their pocket-holes to keep them out of their neighbours' way; or we must all walk up the ladies' backs—pleasant alternative! and one for which we shall, no doubt, meet with our just retribution in the shape of those ugly words which have been known to fall from even the prettiest lips—but there will be no help for it, and the blame will not be ours.

The whole question of dress is perplexing. It is one which occupies the whole time and all the thought of some ladies, who make it as much a study as if their very existence depended upon it, and who would fain persuade the world and themselves that it is a form and expression of art. To dress well, to dress expensively, to dress with an originality and peculiarity that shall not offend, is to some the height of ambition. One desires to make herself remarkable for being 'well dressed,' 'in such perfect taste,' another for the costliness of her lace, her brocades, and the magnificence of her jewels; a third for her superiority over the rest of the world in following a line of her own. Another claims for herself the consideration due to an 'artiste' with classical tendencies; another desires only to

attract remark, and another to suggest a claim to some literary reputation. They who really care about dress have theories of their own, and fashion draws the line within which it is safe to theorize.

The multitude, however, will follow the fashion with a scrupulous fidelity. They will go to some first-rate milliner, such as Descou, if they can afford it, and, placing themselves in her hands, will get 'rigged out' in the newest and most approved style. They are, in fact, nothing more than living lay-figures for the dress-makers to cover according to their own fancy and caprice. It has been recorded of one leader of fashion, who is conspicuous for her success, that, before she finally decides upon any costume she proposes to wear, she has it all put upon a lay-figure, that she may be able to form a tolerably correct idea of its effect. It is quite astonishing what fine ladies will submit to in order to acquire a reputation for being in the fashion, and to secure being well dressed. It is said that one of the most popular dressmakers in Paris is a man who provides the whole costume, and whose word is law. When the dress is finished and sent home, the lady is expected to present herself before him *en grande tenue*, while he studies the effect of his handiwork, and nods his approval, or suggests some alteration which no one ever dares to disobey.

It must not be supposed that we dispute the wisdom, and, indeed, duty, of paying some attention to dress. We are no advocates for slovenliness, which, nine times out of ten, indicates an ill-ordered mind; just as an ill assortment of colours, or a bad selection of materials, suggests some defect of eye or taste, and may be the outward expression of a vulgar mind. There may be a considerable amount of conceit and affectation, underlying a disregard for personal appearance, which is quite as reprehensible as its opposite vice. We remember an instance in which the wife of a millionaire invariably attended the smartest morning-parties dressed like a charity-school girl. It could not

have been a question of necessary economy. It might have been intended as a tacit rebuke to the rest of the giddy, gaily-dressed world, who fluttered like butterflies in the sunshine of prosperity; but it always savoured of a certain kind of conceit not very far removed from self-righteousness and Pharisaism. Such instances are, however, very rare, because few like to make such a sacrifice of their personal appearance, even to acquire a reputation for piety and self-mortification. In these days especially, when the love of dress pervades every class, and every facility is afforded to those who wish to indulge their taste, we need not be apprehensive of any culpable indifference to it. The error is not likely to be on this side, but on its opposite. Exaggeration in style, in *luxé* in expense, is the prevailing evil. The caprice of the fair sex is fostered and encouraged by the endless changes which are made; and our eyes are no sooner accustomed to one fashion, than it is displaced by another. The accounts which we have received of the balls which were given in Paris during the last season show what has been the progress of *luxé* in dress. It was said that one of the ladies of the court appeared as an archangel (!) in a short tunic, with wings of white feathers which formed an arch over her head and came down to her knees, and with a steel sword which she held in her ungloved hand while she danced. Madame de Galifet has thus prepared us to expect, on some future occasion, a representation of the different orders of the heavenly inhabitants. Perhaps the lower region will have its representatives also—a more easy matter, no doubt; and who knows but what we shall hear, ere long, of a tableau of our first parents, *en costume*, driven out of the garden of Eden by the angelic Marquise with sword in hand?

There never was a time when personal adornment was more a study and an art than it has now become. The consequence of this is that it has reached such a climax in expense as to alarm all but millionaires. The endless variety which

is considered requisite for a well-dressed woman, the richness of the materials, and the enormous quantity that is considered necessary, makes (it impossible for moderate incomes to meet the demands made upon them on the score of dress. If there is a disinclination to wear the same dress twice, it is not difficult to imagine that wardrobes must soon outgrow all reasonable dimensions, and that the accumulation of debt will keep pace with the accumulation of dresses. It is, of course, exceedingly difficult to lay down any rules by which the expensiveness of dress may be diminished; and it would, moreover, be very presumptuous in us to pretend to legislate upon so important a subject; but we think that all will agree with us in saying that the regard now paid to dress is extravagant in every sense of the word, and that ladies should adopt some plan by which the lavish expenditure involved in it may be curtailed within reasonable limits. It is almost certain that the love of dress, which so engrosses the thoughts of many, must tend to deterioration of character, for it is impossible to suffer the mind to dwell upon unworthy subjects without loss. The intellectual powers are lowered and frittered away; and the enormous sums which are recklessly lavished upon personal adornment must diminish the means of usefulness, and be at the cost and sacrifice of many known duties. Look at it as we may, the excessive regard for dress is injurious; and they who have acquired a reputation for being well dressed, are unwilling to forfeit any of the *prestige* which it gives them. In France, and, no doubt, in England too, people will make great sacrifices for their personal appearance, illustrating the old saying, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*; but, whatever they may be willing to bear on their own account, they have certainly no right to make others suffer for their whims and caprices.

In order to meet some of the many difficulties which surrounded the case, and to protect the needlewomen from the inconsiderateness

of their employers, who are too apt to defer giving their orders until the eleventh hour, a society was formed with the intention of reducing the cost of dress, and of introducing a system of ready-money payments. It was placed under episcopal jurisdiction—perhaps because the bishops themselves wear petticoats and muslin sleeves; and the Bishop of Oxford consented to be patron, or director. What the result has been, and how far it has answered its purpose, we cannot say; but every one will hail it as a blessing if it should be able to restrain the expenses of the 'toilette.' Among the many devices which were said to have been adopted, was one which seems to us to savour more of Monmouth Street than Belgrave Square. We allude to the plan of hiring their dresses, which was laid to the charge of some distinguished votaries of fashion. A definite sum was paid for a certain quantity and quality of fine clothes, which the wearers agreed to return to the dressmaker who provided them. By this arrangement a certain amount of novelty was secured; but it never sounded like either a comfortable or a creditable arrangement.

Why dress should be so expensive seems to depend upon the tendencies of the ladies themselves; for, with a moderate amount of care, there can be no reason why it should be so ruinous as it is said to be. Of course the enormous quantity which is required for a gown makes the expense considerably greater than it used to be some twenty years ago; but then, on the other hand, the choice and beauty of cheap materials is much greater, and we have seen some most effective 'toilettes' made out of very inexpensive materials. It mainly depends upon the style and the cut, and if these are good, and the lady's-maid is up to her work and has been well trained, the chances are that she will be able to produce a better result than nineteenth-century of the professed dressmakers, whose object is to swell the account with trimmings of all kinds, and to make out of their employers as large a profit as they can. Of course the

home-made article requires the presiding eye and judgment of the lady herself. If she should, fortunately, possess a fine taste, the result will be good; but if she should be too much of a 'fine lady' to trouble herself about it, it is more than probable that it will be a failure, and in that case she must make up her mind to pay the penalty of her fineladyism by being either ill dressed or by having a heavy bill at her milliner's.

At one time there were indications of a still greater change than seems at all likely to arise. We heard that the old fashions of the First Empire were to be revived in short waists and skimp petticoats; but this is too hideous to have any prospect of success, and the prevailing amplitude of skirts is in itself a denial of the report. It was said further that all kinds of vagaries about boots were coming into fashion, which suggested short petticoats, and an amount of display from which the majority would shrink as having nothing worth showing; and we think that if the Empress were to put the question to the test, and were to adopt the Emperor's hobby of the plebiscite, she would find the popular mind to be in favour of crinolines and long petticoats.

In dress, as in everything else, exaggeration is the one thing to be avoided. Yet there are those who cannot be happy unless they are launching into some extreme. In the young this is unpardonable, because they always look best in the most simple attire. There is a beauty in youth itself which needs no adventitious ornament. For dowagers and married women it is another story. They may have to repair the ravages of time, or to conceal imperfections which in youth were overlooked. But even they only make matters worse if they attract attention to themselves by the exaggerated use of any prevailing fashion. If it is easy for the young to dress well, because nothing comes amiss to them, it is difficult for their elders to do so, who will not accept the fact that they are no longer young. There is a great art in being able to recognise one's po-

sition, be it what it may. The sight of an old woman, wrinkled and grey, decked out in every colour of the rainbow, and adorned with artificial flowers, affecting a youth which has slipped away from her long ago, is enough to make one sad; while there is something attractive in the sight of one who does not care to fight against her age and infirmities, but who, dressing simply, soberly, and quietly, accepts gracefully the fact that she is old, and can discern a merit and a blessing in those 'quiet days.'

But of all the fashions which prevail none offends against good taste so much as that of dyeing and powdering the hair. That old women should wear false hair or dye their own is not surprising, because few like to proclaim the fact that they are no longer young; but why the young should beat such great pains to disfigure themselves is incomprehensible. To our eyes there is nothing more beautiful or more *distingué* than a well-shaped head well set on, with the hair glossy and 'well groomed' and braided so as to set off the intellectual development of the forehead. But when the hair is drawn off the forehead like a Chinese, and is frizzled out that it may appear rough and untidy—more like a crow's nest than anything else—and chignons, true or false, fill up the whole space at the back of the head, it matters very little whether heads are large or small. It is astonishing how people can be flattered into following an absurd fashion. It is enough to praise the 'points' of the forehead to induce a lady to suffer her hair to be dragged off it. If the forehead is naturally high it is affirmed to be a beauty which must not be concealed; if it be low

it is said to be improved by the same process, so that all are eventually brought under it, and no one is allowed to adopt that style which best suits her own particular kind of beauty. We cannot understand why people should be such slaves to fashion, and may not be at liberty to follow their own bent. Of course we do not deny that there should be certain limits beyond which no one should go. For instance, 'bloomers' and others ought to be forced to give up their eccentricities, and they who show a disposition to dress after some classical statue ought also to yield their bias. But we maintain that within certain prescribed limits every one should be allowed the free exercise of her own judgment. It may be that that judgment will be at fault; yet, if so, it may be improved by coming in contact with refinement and good taste, which are, after all, the best safeguards against failure and absurdities. We read, in Mr. Baker's account of his travels in Africa, that he met with some savages who disfigured their hair by dyeing it with ochre, so that it would seem that the fashionable lady of the nineteenth century is, after all, returning to the barbaric custom of dyeing the hair. As the wind has set in that direction, who knows but what we may hear of ladies dyeing their teeth or tattooing their faces? The old proverb that there is nothing new under the sun is verified every day, and never more than when we find 'fine ladies' taking a leaf out of the book of the wild savages in Africa. 'Extremes meet' indeed when the exquisites of the nineteenth century are found copying the barbarous customs of the uncivilized races.



THE GAMBLER'S CAPITAL :—MONACO.

'What Roman strength Turbia showed
In ruin, by the mountain road;
How like a gem beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glowed.'

TEXTOR.

THERE it lies, a striking object if you are yachting about in the neighbouring Mediterranean waters, the ancient citadel on the immemorial rock, Monaco. Instead of yachting, you are perhaps one of the gay crowd, who every day sail from Nice to Monaco, in the boat which M. Blanc has lately chartered from the Messageries Impériales. Or if you are travelling on the Corniche road between Nice and Mentone, the most glorious bit of the whole Riviera, you obtain a peculiarly beautiful view, that of the laureate's lines above; the time-worn castle, the rock projecting into the sea, the towers, the fortifications, the little port, the quiet bay. If you are mounted on a mule or are a fair pedestrian, you can descend from the road below Turbia, but in an ordinary carriage, owing to the steepness of the pass you round by way of Mentone. By-and-by the road will be constructed which is provided for by treaty, and in course of time the railway will be carried on to Genoa. That sunny curve of coast between Nice and Mentone, fringed by the intensest blue of all blue seas, and backed by the snowy height of the maritime Alps, is veritably *la petite Afrique*, and is thronged with all those beauties which Goethe so musically describes in Mignon's song. In the ancient principality of Monaco, the smallest of all European states, Monaco was the capital and Mentone the principal town of the small dominion, and when we add the village of Rocca-bruna, we have made up the whole of the little principality prior to its dismemberment. Rocca-bruna is a little village a few miles from Mentone, where you may still detect the remains of a ruined castle and towers. It is embowered in a forest of citrons, golden fruits amid their odorous snows, which constitute both the

charm and the wealth of the region. Between Monaco and Mentone there has always been considerable rivalry. Monaco prided itself on being the abode of a long line of princes, and 'the seat of government,' if we may apply that stately phrase to the capital of Lilliput. Mentone opposed to this ancient grandeur the flush of its modern prosperity; for Monaco is at times comparatively bleak and exposed, and Nice does not escape the mistral. But Mentone gaily blossoms deep into the winter amid the gardens of lemons and olives, and beautiful villas are springing up around, where English comforts are superadded to the luxuries of the Italian landscape. In 1847 Mentone openly threw off its allegiance, and the story is for all the world—so do things come over and over again—like some narrative in Thucydides of a revolving city. It made itself a free town under the protectorate of Sardinia, and Sardinia, which proverbially looked upon Italy as an artichoke to be swallowed leaf by leaf, was fast engulfing this particular leaf. But then came the cession of Nice and Savoy, in which Mentone and Rocca-bruna were virtually made over to France, and their disloyalty has forfeited their nationality, and now Monaco is becoming more prosperous than she has ever been. It will soon be the most famous little nook of Europe. Remarkable for its matchless climate and situation, remarkable for its ancient and romantic history, it is adding to all this that factitious renown which belongs to Hamburg or Baden-Baden. As part and parcel of the public law of Europe, Monaco is an independent, and sovereign or semi-sovereign state. The ancient flag is still floating on the ancient fortrees, a shield *en échiquier* supported by two monks. The name of the place is assigned to the word 'Monachus;' but though a legend is

cited in support of this, such a derivation is most insecure.

The name of the place is, as a matter of fact, much more ancient, and the history of the place goes far back into a dim antiquity, whither, I believe, few archaeologists will venture to follow. In the days when mythology was accepted as veritable, and, like Sir Roger de Coverley, worthy people derived a great deal of valuable information from the end of the Latin dictionary, it would at once be accepted as fact that the place was founded by Hercules during the course of his numerous adventures. That accomplished gentleman, the editor of Murray's red book on North Italy, says, that it is frequently mentioned in the Antonine Itinerary, and gives Lucan's accurate but somewhat pompous description of the situation of the place. It would not be difficult to cap this quotation. There are passages about it in Petronius Arbiter and Silius Italicus, not to mention also Ammianus Marcellinus. And I suppose most schoolboys recollect the Virgilian lines

'Aggeribus acer Alpini atque arce Menæsi
Descendens.'

An important chapter in the history of imperial Rome is concerned with the fortunes of maritime Liguria. At Monaco there are very genuine and most unmistakeable Roman remains, which the tourist, as a rule, hardly cares very diligently to study, or even to read about. The Ligurian race still retains very much of the purity and independence of a very decided national character, but in Monaco this is very much mixed up with a Provençal element, just as at Genoa it is very much mixed up with a Lombard element. In the tenth century a gallant chief took an active part in the expulsion of the Saracens from this region and from Provence. In consequence of this the dominion of Monaco was granted to him by the Emperor Otho. In the middle ages we find Carlo Grimaldi the sovereign of a dominion which escaped the lot of becoming a fief of the empire. For nearly eight centuries the princes of the Grimaldi line reigned over their little terri-

tory. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the male line of the Grimaldis became extinct. It was said that a rightful heir was to be found in the ancient and noble house of Grimaldi at Genoa, and other claimants have been spoken of in other quarters. The daughter of the last prince, Antonio Grimaldi, had married into the French family of Thorigny. The history of this transfer is highly curious. It belongs partly to the region of the scandalous memoirs, and partly to the veritable history of Louis XIV., and might be treated with that happy mixture of truth and fiction of which Scribe's *Verre d'eau* is the first and the most amusing instance that comes to mind.

We will, however, adjust our historical notions a little more accurately presently. I am just now rather anxious that my readers should seize upon the salient features of the place. The day before yesterday I received an admirable letter from an old college friend, who, having heard that I was busy with this paper, has, in writing to me, indulged in a vein of reminiscence. I must quote some of his letter. And thankfully consider, my friends, how few letters now-a-days will bear quotation. People don't read letters, they only send messages. When people had to pay a great deal for postage they liked to receive something worth the paying for; but the modern system of cheap postage is fast putting an end to the possibility of many more bulky works of 'Memoirs and Correspondence.' 'I shall not easily forget my first view of Monaco,' writes my Fidas Achates. 'I started from Nice by vetturino, at 7 A.M., a November day, while it was still dusk, and as we crossed the Pont Neuf, the promontory of Antibes, stretched out in the grey morning light, showed only as a black line, darker than the deep colour of the sea, while in the background we could just see the outlines of the Estrelles mountains; but as we mounted the hill on the Genoa road, and the distant mountains towards the Col di Tenda came in view, the sun lit up the snowy peaks with the most exquisitely soft hue,

and when at the Quatre Chemins, a turn in the road brought us within sight of Antibes, it all stood out sharp and clear in the still morning, while beyond the promontory was seen a black dot in the Bay of Cannes, which we recognized as the island of Les Marquises, where was confined that mysterious individual, the Man in the Iron Mask. Below us lay Villefranche, with its quaint little town and large natural harbour, the sea gaining in colour as the sun rose—now blue—now green—as we looked out far upon its wide expanse or cast our eyes immediately beneath the rocky cliffs; while here and there a little shallow inlet showed us, even from the height at which we stood, how marvellously clear the water was: and so on and on, passing Eza, that quaint little village, former stronghold of pirates, perched on a rock, as if to say, Come if you dare; and now scarce a hundred villagers live there, quite out of the world, staring when pic-nic parties adventure thither from Nice and Mentone, and scramble about and enjoy themselves as only English people do, in simple wonderment as to what can be found in their little village to excite such curiosity. Eza stands quite away from the high road, lying below it, and there is no passable carriage road to it. On past Eza, winding round the mountain side, the Corniche road seems hanging in the air—now on the side of a hill at the bottom of which lies the sea—and has little protection in the way of parapet; and nervous people often get alarmed as a lumbering diligence comes tearing along and driving you to the very edge, that it may pass. "Ah," said the *conducteur* of a diligence to me as we sharply rounded a corner on this road, "Voilà mon coin. That is the only place where I ever broke down in all the twenty years that I have travelled between Nice and Genoa. Mille tonnerres, but the postilion—he drank one, two, three petit verres, and then one more and then another before we set out, he did not care where we went—and as we turned the corner we met the other diligence. Mon Dieu, it was lucky we were coming from Genoa and were on the side

next the hill! We went right into that corner, and smash went the wheel, and down we came." "Anybody hurt?" I mildly asked. "No, not a scratch, at least not to me. Some of the people inside were cut by the glass of the windows, and were knocked about, but nobody killed." Well, I got on to Turbia, the highest point which the road reaches—then a new view breaks upon one. In the distance is a point stretching out into the sea, at the end of which is Bordighera, city of palms. A short distance on this side of it we see the fortifications of Ventemiglia, and we begin to realise that we are approaching Italy, and then we begin to descend. Beneath the mountains on our right we see a miniature city, immediately beneath a rock—standing on a rocky promontory, to the very edge of which the little town is built, so that a morning bath might be taken by dropping over the side of the parapet which runs along the street on either side of the town. Below it a little bay forms a natural harbour, likewise in miniature. More of a city than a town it is, for there is the public square and the palace of the prince, while cannon show their muzzles from the wall, and then without the town, on the Mentone side, is that large white building which we are told is the Casino. Altogether it looks like a toy city, and from the height all seems so small that we should not have been surprised, on descending to it, to see a Lilliputian race as its inhabitants. It is a bright, sunny little place, but too much exposed to make a pleasant residence. The garden at the extremity of the town seawards is very pretty, neat gravel walks and pleasant seats, and cacti of singular form and growth. The little army of the Prince numbers I know not how many, but it must be small, and brought to mind Dumas' story of the petty German states, in which his inquiry for the army met with the response, that the infantry was on duty, but the cavalry died yesterday; a further inquiry leading to the discovery that one of the latter and two of the former constituted a standing army of three men. After

strolling about the town, I paid a visit to the Casino, a handsome building standing in a garden and situated near the sea; an excellent band was performing operatic music—a spacious reading-room, well supplied with newspapers, was surrounded with luxurious seats, while beyond was the fatal chamber to which all this served for decoy, where two long green tables are surrounded by anxious faces, and no sound is heard in the pauses of the music but the croupier's monotonous cry.

So far Achatas. Being in a lazy mood, I am well content that he should do some of the description for me, particularly the poetical part, and I am sure he does it very nicely. Presently, however, I must supplement some additional particulars to his sketch. *Non cuius homini contingit adire Monachum*, as, I think, one of the local writers classically remarks. You see it is a place where one may spend a great deal of money—particularly if one goes to the Casino—and hardly make any. There are a few wretched individuals who hope to make money, very 'seedy looking,' who are on-lookers at the game, and marking the play on cards, and making a system by which they hope to cheat Fortune out of her own. Monaco has long been noted for its willingness to eat and unwillingness to work. Accordingly, the Italian saying goes—

'Son Monaco, sopra un scolio
Non semina e non raccoglie
E pur mangiar voglio.'

'She is too beautiful to do anything,' explanatorily observes one of her great admirers. The appellation of the people is Monagasques; the fair sex have a very pretty and ingenious name coined for them, which is held to be literally descriptive, 'Monacquette.' I dare say, my well-read friends, that you will remember little notices of Monaco in your reading. Smollett has such, and so has Addison, and Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Genlis. But, after all, these are old-fashioned notions, and the altered state of things requires that they should be set right according to the modern standard.

The English, you know, have taken possession of all this seaboard. They are swallows who fly over the sea, and fix their sheltered nests in this region for the winter months that are no winter here. As it is always interesting to know the candid opinion of foreigners respecting us English, and as that opinion is often inaccurately reported, let me cite two impartial foreign opinions respecting the behaviour of the English on this coast. 'The English,' says M. Louis Roubandi, 'little expansive in general, are those who take the least part in the annual fusion of foreigners and the inhabitants of Nice. Those who in their own country receive us with so much kindness and an almost Oriental hospitality—those who command our esteem while they conciliate our affection and confidence, are no longer the same when once they place their feet on the Continent. Whether it is suspicion or national pride, all their familiarity at once ceases. It is hard for them to form a serious connection with any stranger. But one ought also to say, that when they admit you to their intimacy, it is cordial, sincere, and lasting.' 'Ils y vivent,' says the Chevalier Bertolotti of our people at Nice; 'absolument comme s'ils étaient à Brighton (i.e. Brighton). Pendant la journée ils font des promenades, à pied, à cheval, en voiture. Le soir ils se réunissent entre eux, lisent le *Galvani*, parlent politique, prennent le thé ou portent des toasts, mais le tout à leur manière, et presque toujours sans fusion de société étrangère.' Nice is at present the head-quarters—although the enormous prices have driven hundreds away lately—and from Nice they swarm 'in all the region round about.' The persevering English are constantly discovering new places in this district, and adding them to the geographical atlas. In 1855 an adventurous Englishman discovered, in the climatological sense, Mentone, the chief town of the ancient dominion of Monaco. A baronet—so runs the legend told by grateful natives—stayed here one day for a time as he travelled on with his family to Genoa. He called

for dinner. His wish received attention. He demanded beds. Attention arose to astonishment. He declared his intention of not going further, but spending some months there. Astonishment arose to the wildest excitement and amazement. 'Ont-ils de drôles d'idées, ces Anglais! Ne pas aller à Gênes, quand on est venu à change de Nice à Menton!' observed the disgusted postillion. Sir Reginald's clear eyes had distinguished the great advantages of the place. He stayed there, and wrote for friends to join him. There was soon a colony of a dozen families, and the colony has been increasing ever since. This season the English have populated Bordighiera, where the palm is found in tropic beauty and abundance. Next year a swarm will probably settle down upon San Remo. Multitudes make a momentary pause at Monaco in their flight, but scarcely any spend more than a night or two at the place. The London doctors will give the preference to any other point on the coast. Those who come will be of two very different classes of people. The first will consist of the very limited class of historical and archaeological students who come to study the scenery of a very quaint and remarkable history, and the second class of those who, tired with the Eden-like simplicity, quietude, and beauty of this heaven-blessed region, seek out the solitary corner where Temptation, in its most flagrant forms, is to be encountered. There will be always those who sing with Don Cesar de Bazan—

'Au risque être suspendu
Vive le fruit défendu.'

You have probably seen, Achatas, a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in which you no doubt skimmed through an article on the Journal of the Marquis Dangeau, and the 'Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon.' The paper will perhaps do something towards reviving a taste for the better class of French memoirs. These voluminous works—the edition of each which I have been using is in twenty volumes—give detailed accounts of the break

in the Monaco dynasty, when, by failure of male heirs, the succession devolved, through marriage, on the French Matignon family. I cannot say that I fully agree with the estimate which the reviewer has formed of the Duc de St. Simon. Without disputing the fact that St. Simon was a thorough gentleman among people who, in the best sense of the word, were very much the reverse, with a hatred of everything which was mean and abject, I think that a careful examination of some of the details might have shown the reviewer that St. Simon might be both very spiteful and very inexact. The reviewer has followed St. Simon too implicitly in his depreciation of Dangeau, and it must be remembered that St. Simon saw Dangeau with prejudiced eyes, and when Dangeau was in the decay of old age. I do not like the settled hostility and dislike with which St. Simon speaks of the Princes of Monaco and everything belonging to their land and line. 'La souveraineté d'une roche,' sneers St. Simon, 'du milieu de laquelle on peut pour ainsi dire cracher hors de ses étroites limites.' The dominion of Monaco was certainly much better than this at the time when it included Rocca-bruna and Mentone. In the same coarse vein he sneers at Lewis I. of Monaco, who, he says, was as round as a cask and had an aldermanic protuberance. The poor prince had been a gallant though young fellow in his day, and had been a rival of our Charles II. for the love of Hortense Mancini. St. Simon says that it was on the marriage of this prince—then Duc de Valentinois—to Marie de Lorraine, that the father-in-law, M. le Grand—the name under which *le grand écuyer* is always known—obtained for M. de Monaco and his children the rank of a foreign prince, 'à quoi ils n'avaient jamais osé songer jusque là.' It was this which gave them the *tabouret*, the coveted privilege of sitting down in the presence of royalty. Before this St. Simon asserts that the proper title was only Lord of Monaco. This seems to be an error. The title of Sovereign Prince had been acknowledged by Charles V. and Philip II.,

the Popes, and the Italian republics; it was continued by Louis XIV., and is acknowledged by the public law of Europe, in the treaty of Utrecht and the treaties of Vienna.

The suzerainty of Monaco had been one of the objects of contention between France and Spain during the great rivalry of the sixteenth century. In the fourteenth century the reigning Grimaldi family closely associated themselves with France. They shed their blood gallantly on its behalf on the fatal day of Crecy, an assistance which the French repaid at a memorable siege of Monaco by the fleet of Genoa. In the contention between Charles V. and Francis I. the superior diplomacy of Charles secured Monaco to himself, and on one occasion he is reported, by a flattering legend, to have declared the whole of the inhabitants elevated to the *noblesse*. The Prince of Monaco was loaded by Charles Quint with important titles and estates. The French tradition, however, continued strong. Honoré II., when quite a young man, made up his mind to renounce the Spanish alliance for the French. The Duc d'Angoulême, who then administered Provence, is supposed to have had a great deal to do in persuading the Prince to this step. In 1641, by a *coup d'état*, Honoré chased away the Spaniards. The real contriver of the whole affair was, doubtless, Cardinal Richelieu, ever eager to abuse the house of Austria. A French garrison was admitted, and the new situation of things confirmed by treaty. All the domains of the Grimaldi family in Lombardy and Naples were, of course, confiscated by their estranged friends. Louis XIII. amply indemnified him for all these losses. He made him baron, count, seigneur, marquis; erected the dukedom of Valentinois in his favour, and his title from Monaco ran 'Highness, by the grace of God.' Following the precedent of Richelieu, the Regent Anne of Austria and Mazarin gave Honoré some important privileges, and loaded him with honours when he visited the French court. He had an only son, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. Be-

fore his death he had married and left a heir, Louis. The child had been baptized with circumstances of extraordinary splendour; the young king of France, after whom he was named, and Anne of Austria, being the god-parents. Honoré II. concentrated all his affections on his grandson, and in his will besought him never to waver in his loyalty to France. The historians of the principality draw a parallel between this prince and Louis XIV. This reminds us of what the concierge of the palace of Monaco told Addison, that though all Europe had been in flames, the king of France and the prince, his master, had always maintained a good understanding.

Louis, two years before he came to his principedom, married, in 1660, Charlotte Catherine de Gramont. The lady had unfortunately been too much mixed up with the intrigues of the court of France, and is said to have solaced the king in the interregnum that prevailed between La Vallière and de Montespan. This is the prince who, even more than his successor, is the object of St. Simon's persistent dislike and misrepresentation. St. Simon makes no mention of the considerable claims which this prince possesses to the character of an enlightened jurist. The marriages of his son and daughter are duly commented on by Dangeau and St. Simon. The daughter, who was thirty-four or thirty-five, and looked it, married the Duc d'Uzes, a lad of eighteen, and died a few years afterwards. The son married Marie de Lorraine. There is a great deal of ugly scandal in the family annals about this time, and perhaps we had better quickly pass it by. When the enormous mass of the inedited papers of St. Simon are published they will perhaps throw further and more favourable light upon the different matters. Louis was a great stickler for his rights and privileges, but there hardly appears a foundation for the common statement that he died of chagrin, because his Monaco dignities were not fully conceded. He always caused it to be distinctly understood that anything he did as

peer of France was not to invalidate anything he might do as prince of Monaco. When Le Grand Monarque offered him the order of the Saint Esprit he inquired whether he should take it as duke or prince. Indeed, the court appears to have been torn with jealousy and faction concerning the amphibious character of the celebrated courtier. The prince accepted the appointment of French ambassador to Rome. But the questions of etiquette which M. de Monaco raised—he would never forget the prince in the ambassador—made himself and all around him miserable. He demanded that he should be called Monseigneur in all letters addressed to him from his government. Louis XIV. decided the point against him. The independent princes of Germany did not receive the title of Monseigneur, and this would rule the case. His public entry into Rome was marked with excessive luxury and prodigality. He assumed airs of superiority for his private rank. He demanded that the other ambassadors should style him ‘Highness,’ and to those who refused this he also refused the title of ‘Excellency.’ He omitted the customary profession of courtesy at the conclusion of his letters. He contrived to make a retreat from Rome under circumstances of great grandeur and dignity. The creditors of this worthless Prince Vaini had papal sbirri in pursuit of him even into the palace where the prince of Monaco was. The prince pointed out that as he was there it was the palace of an ambassador, and they must retire. As this was not done at once the gentlemen of his suite drew their swords and repulsed them. Hereupon some of the sbirri fired, and several of the prince’s company were wounded. The affair made a great noise at Rome. The prince, thinking the papal government slow in offering satisfaction, with great *éclat* withdrew from Rome. The sacred college was obliged to write a letter of apology to the king of France. They were avenged. The prince died in consequence of attending an audience of the pope, when he was

not in a fit state of health to leave his house.

In his successor, Antoine, the direct line of the Grimaldi family threatened to become extinct. It was this prince who constructed the fortifications at the expense of France, and he was largely concerned in the last disastrous wars of the reign. But this small sovereign was fully absorbed in the fate of his line. He had daughters only, and his brother was in holy orders, and died an archbishop. He lived unhappily with his wife, who did not care for her husband, and found Monaco insupportably dull after the gaieties of Paris. The general plan was, that the eldest daughter should make some great match and her husband be placed in the succession. Father and mother quarrelled about the young lady, who was placed in a convent till matters could be arranged. The girl declined: Dangeau tells us, that she would not sign any marriage treaty which her mother had not signed first, and madame was not likely to sign anything to *please monsieur*. The mother was not even allowed to see her daughter, but she came to Paris, when she found, to her great mortification, that Paris had forgotten the charming *Mdlle. d’Armagnac*—and upset the proposed alliance with M. de Roney. Eventually, a marriage was arranged with the son of de Matignon, of a renowned and ancient house, though vilified by St. Simon, dating back earlier than the Crusades. The case was a peculiar one, and arranged in a manner so favourable to M. de Monaco, that St. Simon is quite enraged. The prince required a good deal. He had his creditors, and wanted ready money from his intended son-in-law to satisfy them. This son-in-law must be of noble birth, and yet be willing to relinquish his name, family, liveries, and arms, for those of the Grimaldi family. Then he must charge himself with a dower for the two younger sisters of his wife, and also satisfy any claim which the Abbé de Monaco might prefer. Another condition might arise; after all, it was possible that the Prince de Monaco might have

a son, and then this married daughter must lose all the great advantages she was to bring to her husband. The prince certainly drove a hard bargain for his daughter. But then he was able to offer a great deal. His son-in-law would become a sort of sovereign. Louis XIV. was willing to re-erect in his favour the vast duchy of Valentinois, which had been limited to heirs male. Directly upon the marriage, the son-in-law was to become Duc de Valentinois, and was to retain this title for his life, even if the Prince of Monaco should really have a son. Such was the annoyance which St. Simon considers monstrous, and that Louis must have been in his dotage to have permitted it. When St. Simon speaks of the Prince and Louis XIV. he does not appear to be aware of the great services which this mouse had rendered to this lion.

The marriage came off. The dreaded child did not put in an appearance. Antoine was gathered to his fathers in the course of years. And then the Matignon-Grimaldi dynasty succeeded. The first prince of the new line was the son of the heiress. He lived to see the tree of liberty planted in his little dominion, and died in Paris, 1795. A fair daughter-in-law lost her head by the guillotine in the days of Robespierre. First came a popular *emute*, and subsequently the little territory was annexed to France. One or two of the natives attained to great distinction in the wars of the Revolution, and one of them, Baron Bosio, gained a European fame as an artist. The palace was first made an hospital for the wounded, and afterwards 'un dépôt de mendicité.' In a single instance only did Monaco directly attain any experience in the war. An English frigate made an attack on the place, having heard that it had been made a store for arms and ammunition. The English exploded a quantity of gunpowder, which unfortunately killed many women and children who had incautiously crowded to the spot.*

* For most of the facts see M. Matinier's valuable monogram, 'Monaco et ses Princes,' Two vols, 1862.

The Grimaldi family saw their little principality blotted out of the map of Europe, and, at one time, little thought that their small sovereignty, a strange remnant of the feudal system, would be revived, and, so to speak, fossilized for ages, for the inspection of the curious who would examine into the reliques of the mediæval age. Talleyrand quietly scribbled, 'et le Prince de Monaco rentrover dans ses états,' on the bottom of one of the pages of one of the treaties of Vienna. The wily diplomatist had his own good secret reasons. The sentence was allowed to stand, and perhaps was scarcely scrutinized. On his way to take possession of his dominions, the restored prince encountered at Cannes no less a person than Napoleon himself, on his way from Elba. He dexterously extricated himself from an awkward invitation to accompany the great man to Paris, and then hastened to give information to the Sardinian government of what he had just witnessed in Provence. To the great disgust of the people, an English garrison suddenly came to Monaco and occupied it. In the new order of things, Monaco was placed under the suzerainty of Sardinia. The government of Honoré V. lasted twenty-five years, and is a most complete example, on a small scale, of the effects of tyranny after the ancient Greek or mediæval Italian model. 'Lui, prince, il agissait,' says M. Abel Rendu, whose history is a most amusing contrast to the court history of M. Braine, 'envers ses malheureux gouvernés comme le lord d'Angleterre envers ses tenanciers d'islande.' It is very remarkable that this cruel and oppressive prince prided himself upon being a philanthropist. While he was doing his best to impoverish his people and make them miserable, he was forming schemes on his Norman estates for the abolition of pauperism. He also published a little work on this subject, and so he added to the Supplement to Horace Walpole's Catalogue. On his marble tomb, in one of the chapels of the church of Monaco, is the inscription, 'Ci git qui voulut faire le bien.' We are

all familiar with the phrase respecting such good intentions. He ruled his country with a rod of iron. Some of the details of his over-legislation are as ridiculous as they must have been fraught with harmfulness and irritation. The prince constituted for himself a monopoly of flour, and no bread was to be bought in his dominions that was not of Serene baking. Any sandwiches which travellers might bring with them were remorselessly seized at the custom-house. The state miller bought up the inferior grain which the police of Genoa did not allow to be sold. Any ship that brought any proscribed foreign bread to any port of the prince had its cargo confiscated. Every baker was obliged to keep a register of the quantity of bad bread sold to each family, and domiciliary visits of police were made to those families who were not thought to have bought enough. Similar monopolies prevailed with respect to other articles. The justice administered in his tribunals was of as bad quality as the loaves. There was also an 'Etat Civil des bestiaux,' and a native was obliged to make a formal registration of the birth of every animal, with a declaration of its sex, and also to give in a regular certificate of such death. We believe that this is a unique absurdity in the annals of civic tyranny. The retribution for all this misgovernment, as is generally the case, fell on his successor and brother, Florestan. When the present Pope inaugurated a new era of revolution, the principality of Monaco caught the flame. A constitutional government was demanded, and conceded. Soon the tyranny of the mob made itself felt in acts of violence and revolt. The prince brought complaints against his subjects to the Tuileries. Louis Philippe felt that the prince was hardly treated, and M. Guizot was in favour of giving him material assistance. But in a few months came the revolution of February, and Guizot and his master were powerless.

It became an open question whether Mentone and Roquebrune should be free cities under the Sar-

dinian protectorate, or be in totality annexed to Sardinia. Prince Florestan died in 1856, and was succeeded by the present prince, who took the title of Charles III. In the Conference held at Paris preceding the treaty of that year, the Austrian plenipotentiary adroitly urged, that the occupation of the Monaco territory of Mentone and Roquebrune by Sardinian troops rested on exactly the same ground as the occupation of Rome by French troops. In 1859 the people of Mentone got up a manifestation, and attempted to revolutionize Monaco, which, under all alternations, had clung faithfully to its hereditary lord. That attack was repulsed, and the same year was definitely to adjust the prolonged era of civic troubles. When Nice was ceded to Savoy, Mentone and Roquebrune would be geographically implied by such a cession, and politically also, inasmuch as they had virtually become Sardinian. The political right might not be perfectly clear as a matter of public law, but the Emperor of the French had a show of right sufficient for his purpose, and it would have been impossible to argue with the master of three hundred legions. I think that the transaction which ensued, which has been somewhat obscure for most English readers of politics, reflects the highest credit upon the Emperor Napoleon, and on the national morality. Prince Charles of Monaco possessed a claim on his two revolted towns. But it was a claim which, practically, he would find it impossible to enforce. But, whatever it might be, it was decided that the claim should be considered and satisfied. A minister plenipotentiary was nominated on the part of the Emperor, and a minister plenipotentiary on the part of the Prince of Monaco. There is something of moral sublimity in the fact: this mighty emperor and this petty prince, this nation of forty millions and this little population of twelve thousand, meeting on terms of perfect equity and equality. An indemnity of four millions of francs was paid to the prince, in pursuance of the treaty of Roquebrune, and other articles were signed, of

highly honourable and considerate character, in reference to Monaco. This transaction has sometimes been ignorantly misrepresented, and the gloss cast upon it that the Prince of Monaco sold his territory to the Emperor. But the prince could not have helped himself. For years he had been without the slightest hold upon these towns, and the indemnity paid him by the Emperor was, in reality, an act of refined equity and kindness such as we very rarely meet with in the history of territorial transactions. Prince Charles III., although the treaties of Vienna 'ont cesse d'exister,' still continues, by virtue of those treaties, an independent prince, and, on paper at least, is a very great man indeed. I have just been looking over the list of his ministry; it is considerably larger than most lists of the English government, and occupies three printed pages; but then in England we do not take such formal count of the postman and the policeman.

I do not know how far the season 1863-64 may have succeeded with M. Blanc—only moderately well, I believe; and for my own part I should not mind if the man were well-nigh ruined. Still his boat and his omnibus were tolerably full, and when the railroad is accomplished, which is to run along the beach and join Nice to Genoa, M. François Blanc may really have built for himself a golden bridge when he is obliged to evacuate Homburg. It is observable that people play at roulette when comparatively small sums are staked, and not much is done at trente et quarante, or, to give the more usual name, rouge et noir, when the extravagance of the stakes is often something frightful. The last is played by cards alone; there is no longer wheel or ball; and the croupier's solitary cry is 'Rouge gagne, couleur page,' or the converse. Rouge et noir requires some skill, and is not the pure hazard of roulette. It is amusing to watch the air of superiority assumed by the croupiers of the former games. They are 'gentlemen,' and the others are only 'men' and 'fellows.' The reason is, that their salary is nearly

double, and they only receive their promotion to the more difficult game after years of probation at roulette. Now, the roulette table, in addition to its thirty-six numbers, has two zeros. At Homburg, M. Blanc only reserves one of the zeros to himself, but at Monaco he takes them both. The zero is the main source of profit to the bank, and it is really very wonderful how the ball, instead of dropping into any one of the thirty-six numbers, contrives to select the red or black zero. Visitors to Monaco, according to their tastes, when the omnibus has brought them gratis to the Plateau, select either the *salon de lecture* or the *salon de jeu*. Those who take the latter, though they may play for little, lose that little, and generally scramble back to Nice in a very dilapidated condition. The hotel is a very good one, and you may get a handsome dinner for a handsome price. A great many curious and very private histories belong to those who frequent this establishment of M. Blanc's—to the young gentlemen and ladies, who, not content with the Eden-like pleasures of wandering in groves of palm and myrtle beneath the most radiant of skies and the bluest of waters, have nice little dinners with plenty of champagne, and spend all their spare time in the interior of the Casino.

Some of them, perhaps, are as much M. Blanc's servants as the man in black or the men in blue and red. Are my friends aware of the institution of the *Racoleur* and the *Racoleuse*? These are very charming people, nice-mannered and nicely dressed, with considerable personal attractions and a pleasing vein of anecdotes, who have sold themselves, body and soul, to the interests of such establishments as this, and who will ruin the bodies and souls of many others. These are often people of high estate and high education, who have lapsed therefrom, and now draw a dishonourable subsistence from that gambling system by which they were originally destroyed. They often show an amount of polished ability which would do credit to a diplomatist, and of arduous exertion

which might belong to a Christian missionary. In homely English phraseology, these are simply decoy-ducks. They may be found not alone at the gambling places, but at various great towns which may be brought into contact with Monaco. These persons represent, I imagine, a considerable amount of secret-service money to be added to the palpable expenditure on directors, inspectors, croupiers, police, clerks, servants, advertising, gardening, buildings, with their long indefinite et cetera. Sometimes there is absolutely a mendicancy department, where those who can prove that they have lost all their money to the establishment are sent home, rather than discredit the institution by their poverty-stricken appearance. I do not know whether this is already the case with Monaco; but, doubtless, with the expansion of its capabilities all the usual machinery will be developed. That very gentlemanly man whom you meet at the table d'hôte, who does not play himself, but who can tell you wonderful things about the immense sums won with comparatively small stakes at roulette, he probably belongs to the *personnel* of the bank, and is nothing better than a *racoleur*. As for the unhappy *racoleuse*—well, perhaps the less we say about her the better. It is very odd, that since the new system Monaco has become the head-quarters both of a great number of Jesuits and a great number of lorettes. Perhaps it is hoped that they will neutralize each other. But, Achates, let us eschew this raffish lot, and take Monaco for what it is worth in itself, regretting that one of the most ancient families of Europe has been sullied by such an alliance. The Serpent has hardly ever crept into so fair an Eden. Did you ever see such quantities of oranges and lemons, raised terrace above terrace, with gardens also of figs, violets, and olives of so dense a shadow? You may often buy oranges at the wholesale price of ten a penny. This mountain road scaling Turbia, the downward seaward crags, the quaint old city crowning the rock that rises sheer from the sea, the wild tropic growth

clambering around masonry and crag, the enormous palace and ancient barracks, the Alpine background, that sea in the front; here is a picture better than that other—the marble, and gilding, and parquette floor, and the table over which the oil lamps will be kindled presently.

Near Monaco is the old château of Carnolàs, which is now regarded as the commencement of Mentone, which the celebrated Antoine I. built and Honoré V. partly demolished. The premier étage is still palatial. Many portraits are here seen, and among them those of Antoine and his wife of the Lorraine-Armagnac family. There are many other portraits of the princes, down to the time of Charles X.; among these is the portrait of the beautiful Italian girl who was so charmed with her future husband, Honoré III., that she declared she would either marry him or take the veil: 'o Monaco, o monaca' is the clever witticism attributed to her. Sad to say, she ran away from her enchanting man, and finished by marrying, at the age of sixty, in England, the Prince of Condé, whom she followed to our shores in the immigration. Her first husband did gallant service in the battle of Fontenay, where his younger brother, only eighteen, lost a limb. Voltaire alludes to this in his poem on Fontenay—

'Monaco perd son sang et l'amour en soupire.'

Bravery had been hereditary in this family. One of the Honorés furnished three galleys to Don John of Austria, and fought bravely at Lepanto. It is said, however, that the people of Monaco, rejoicing in their little port, have been Barbary corsairs on their own account; we suppose in those primitive times when neither those who committed piracy nor those who asked questions about it saw any harm in the matter.

Coming within sight of Monaco, we admire its splendid ramparts, and so, descending a wide slope, we come to the guarded New Gate. Here is a beautiful terraced walk, where one admires the great height

to which the aloe-tree attains. You may listen to the music of the gambling *cercle de Monaco*. In some places the road, taken by the round, shows the remains of walls more ancient than the fortifications. The parish church of St. Nicholas has a chapel devoted to the remains of the princes of Monaco. Their names are simply indicated on the stones of white marble. There is a second open gate, and a third defended by an ancient *machiolated* wall, which opens on the *place d'armes*. From this esplanade there is a magnificent view, and the château, rooted to the rock, appears as imperishable as its foundation. There is something Moresque and oriental about castle, donjon, towers, galleries, and arcades. Over the principal entrance are the sculptured arms with the motto '*Deo juvante*.' Guelphs and Ghibelines have contended for this castle. Dark stories are told of the events that happened at this castle—legends of horror and veritable history. Sometimes it resounded with the voices of joy and festivity; often it was the scene of saddest tragedy. One of the princes was assassinated at the very moment when Louis XII. had confirmed all the honours which Charles VIII. had bestowed. Here his successor was slain, through the infamous treason of his own nephew, a full sad story, which the romancist or tragedian might delight in. Here the renowned Augustin Grimaldi was poisoned. Here Charles V. made a magnificent entry, and for three days there was a continuous fête. Here Pope Julius III. made a memorable visit. Here, too, the poet Petrarch was arrested, just as he was on the point of embarking for Naples. The gardens of the château are highly curious, of large extent, and very well kept. In one part of the palace is the room, '*chambre d'York*,' where the young Duke of York died in 1767. The room is very interesting in its decoration. This part of the palace has recently been repaired. They carefully keep among the archives of the palace the letter which George III. wrote to the prince. There is scarcely a possibility that my readers have

seen this letter, and so I transcribe it:—

'MON COUSIN,

'En m'apprenant la triste nouvelle de la mort de mon très cher frère le Duc d'York, on ne m'a pas laissé ignorer en même temps vos soins assidus pour luy procurer tout ce que pouvoit contribuer à son rétablissement on à son soulagement, l'attachement que vous avez manqué pour celui qui me touchoit de si près m'a pénétré des sentimens les plus vifs d'estème et de reconnaissance pour vous.

'Je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte garde et vous accorde toutes sortes de félicités. Je suis bien véritablement, mon cousin,

'Votre bon cousin,

'GEORGE R.'

Nor was this friendly letter all. The local chroniclers delight to relate that when the Prince of Monaco went to England, he was loaded with attentions and kindnesses from the King of Great Britain. King George sent the prince a present of valuable horses which belonged to his late brother, and the Duke of York followed his example in doing the same thing. A letter is preserved in the archives of Monaco, giving an account of the honours paid the prince when he visited the royal dockyards, and the little principality appears to have been highly flattered by the attentions paid to her chief by powerful England.

If one is fond of ancient legend and of curious customs, a great deal may be done in this way at Monaco. On some of the old coins of the place you may find the legend, *Sancta Devota tu nos ab hoste protege*. Her oratory is still pointed out. The legend connects her memory with the first establishment of Christianity in this region. She had been slain in the Diocletian persecution, but her friends placed her body on board a boat for Africa, where her remains might rest quietly. But a south wind blew strongly, and impelled from Africa to the northern coast of the Great Sea. In a dream the pilot saw a dove fly from the martyr's mouth towards a distant valley

on the eastern side of the promontory of Hercules. Taking this as a divine guidance, they hither bore the body, and later the faithful came and built an oratory on her tomb. But the fame of St. Devota is rivalled by that of Our Lady of Laghet. A pious lady of Monaco, Camilla Porta, found that even St. Devota could not heal her of an affliction. There was a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin at Laghet, screened by rocks and almost fallen into ruin. Camilla Porta repaired there, was healed, and in gratitude restored the chapel. Subsequently a church and convent arose on the spot. At the present day, on Trinity Sunday and other times, it is the crowded resort of multitudinous pilgrims far and near. One day a careworn wanderer presented himself. He offered his prayers, he made his confession, and resting under the roof of the simple monks for one night, on the next day he continued his travels. It was Charles Albert, after the unfortunate battle of Novara, flying into exile, and here resting one last night in his forfeited dominions before he proceeded to close his career in Portugal. An inscription on a stone of the convent records the fact. It is remarkable that three centuries before, Francis I., after the disastrous field of Pavia, in like manner took an opportunity for prayer and self-humiliation at the neighbouring Chartrouse. But nothing more remarkable can be cited than the custom preserved at Monaco on Good Friday. It is a genuine remnant of the old Morality Plays, and very closely approximates in interest to the Ammergau Mystery. The Passion is celebrated, and it is said that the impression is heightened by a resemblance which the narrow streets of Monaco bear to those of Jerusalem. The general impression conveyed to a religious mind is painful, and various of the details cannot but seem blasphemous. Many Roman Catholics think this, and the Bishop of Nice has in vain sought to put down these representations. They have existed at Monaco from time immemorial, and it ought to be said that in the simple

minds and vivid feelings of this excitable southern race, there is nothing wrong or ridiculous in them, and any person who manifested any outward signs of mere amazement, would incur a risk of rough treatment. Vast crowds are assembled from all the surrounding country. Besides the Passion, there are other representations, I am informed. I have an account of those which took place this year. Adam and Eve were represented. Eve was a young girl got up in muslin, and with a quantity of crinoline which was hardly primeval. She carried an apple, from which she occasionally offered fruit to Adam, a youth in flesh-coloured tights. The effect of a conflux of strangers to Monaco must inevitably wear off any simplicity or genuine feeling that hitherto may have been attached to these representations, and will, it is to be hoped, ultimately result in their abolition.

It is this conflux of strangers which has made the last phase in the history of Monaco. The Prince has devoted himself to 'the development of the internal resources of the place.' The meaning and application of this phrase may be understood from what has been said. Monaco has, in its time, been an excessively dull place, and the maidens of the place have made terrible complaints on this score. But now the streets, formerly so *triste* and solitary, are beginning to be crowded with gay promenaders, and palatial hotels are arising, and the clash of music resounding in gay gardens and pavilions, and the face of the landscape is being changed as if by an enchanter's wand. Very soon Monaco, instead of being the forgotten capital of an obscure and almost extinct principality, chiefly of interest to the historian and antiquary, will be one of the most fashionable of European watering-places. It is all very well to urge the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the climate for invalids, although I believe some exception might be taken to the second of these items. The sea-bathing may be very excellent, and the great establishment of baths,

The plan of a *Trinkhalle*, where the mineral waters of all countries may be procured, may also have its advantages. But the great feature of the place is unquestionably this, that Monaco is to become the refuge of those vast gambling establishments which improved public opinion is now sweeping out of Germany. The magnificent hotels, the spacious reading-rooms, the walks and the music, are all accessory to this. There has always been a certain amount of gambling at the place, for it has always been a gambling town, and gambling being interdicted at Nice, many Nice people have been in the habit of resorting here for their illegal amusement. The notorious M. Blanc of Homburg has taken the Casino in hand, and under his experienced hands it has prospered. It is also said that the still more notorious M. Benazet, of Baden-Baden, who has received notice to quit his present quarters, is, moreover, about to establish himself here. But Blanc's people say, as might be expected, that this is not at all rare, and that M. Benazet wishes to obtain, or has obtained, an extension of his lease at Baden-Baden for some years more. It is devoutly believed that Monaco will be the happiest corner of the globe. 'Dans quelques années,' says one of the writers, 'tout le pays sera couvert de villas, d'hôtels, de chalets, de maisonnettes. . . . L'âge d'or fleurira alors à Monaco.' Here is the strophe of a song :—

'A la Monaco, depuis que sont faites
Les constructions du grand Casino
Hôtels et villas, blanches maisonnettes
Tout, comme l'on dit, va sur des roulettes
A la Monaco.'

I hope I have succeeded in interesting my readers in this ancient city, to which so unique an interest belongs. Its history, as I have indicated, naturally divides itself into three sections. The first of these, on which I have touched very lightly

—*spatiis inclusus iniquis*—is the most distinctive, where the princes of the Grimaldi family kept their feudal state, and carried on war and foray in the old twilight times. Next succeeds the period when Monaco passed under the protectorate severally of Spain, France, and Sardinia, when it became the historical law that there should be a confluence of smaller states to the larger, and the local history is lost in the more general history. Lastly, the place has become metamorphosed into a fashionable watering-place, and will gradually lose its distinction, although it will probably remain for ages the most perfect specimen extant, better than any which the petty courts of Germany can furnish, of a perished order of things. I am not pleased with the transformation. I confess I am sorry for the little place. The French writers, with their singular power of hiding ugly facts with rhetorical flourishes, speak of the quickened march of civilization, and the fresh current of ideas hereby introduced. I must repeat my expression of regret. There is something that I like very much in the character of the simple old Ligurian populace. Are they to be contaminated with metropolitan vices, vitiated by this new familiarity with hazard and passion? And the poor invalids, with whose pretty villas the country is everywhere studded, whose health requires a quiet home, and still more a quiet mind, will this powerful temptation withdraw them from their repose? I trust not, but I fear. It is not without foreboding and regret that I turn away from this lovely spot, the nearest earthly resemblance to a vanished Eden, the best actual embodiment of a poetical El Dorado; an Eden in beauty but not in innocence, and an El Dorado whose golden stream will henceforth flow through a polluted channel.

F. A.







Drawn by James Godwin.]

THE PARTING.

[See page 222.]

THE PARTING

By the author of "The Parting"
and "The Parting"

There is a parting in the world
That is not like the parting of the world.

It is not like the parting of the world
That is not like the parting of the world.
The world is not the world of the world.

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There is a parting in the world
That is not like the parting of the world.



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SANT DAMIANO

THE PARTING.

JULIET. Be but sworn, my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself though,—not a Montague.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2.

FROM out her father's hall she came,
Where words of party strife ran high;
But party zeal and party fame
Were naught to her—her love was nigh!
Through mazy paths of woodland fair,
Illumed by evening's ruby glow,
She sped. She met her lover there—
Her heart's one love—her father's foe!

Tight clasped within his arms she stood,
She nestled closer to his side;
She deemed him only grand and good—
Her joy, her triumph, and her pride!
Her lover gazed upon her face,
He thought no more of king or state;
Love healed the ancient feuds of race—
He half forgot her father's hate!

'And wilt thou trust me, darling? Say!—
When envy's shafts my name assail—
When fortune's frown obscures my day—
When foes was bitter—friendships fail!—
Wilt thou be true, my life's one light?
If good I do, 'tis done through thee!
My star of hope, in blackest night,
Through tempest clouds, shine out on me!

'Nay, fear not, sweet! thy guardian love
Shall keep me safe 'mid death and strife—
As gentle spirit from above
Shall charm with holy spell my life!
In thee, e'en yet, in thee alone,
My toils shall end, my labours cease!
In thee, when all the strife is done,
Shall be my heaven-sent, long-sought peace!

'My comrades call——' 'Oh, stay!' she cried,
'Ah! true, mine own, if truth can be,
I'd cling for ever to thy side—
For ever thus be near to thee!
Though kith and kin should curse thy cause,
I'd still be true, whate'er befall;
Love's empire knows no father's law—
The monarch love is lord of all!'

T. H. S. E.

THE HOUSE OF OVEREND, GURNEY, AND COMPANY; ITS FOUNDERS AND ITS FALL.

THE Gurneys hold a place almost unique in commercial biography. Nearly all the great merchants of the world have been men who have risen from the crowd by their own enterprise, and, beginning in small ways, have made for themselves names and reputations as successful traders and men of wealth and influence; and their sons or grandsons have generally abandoned the commerce that has helped them to distinction, eager to mix with those of rank and title older than their own, and willing, if they can, to forget by what means they have been enabled to enter the circle of aristocracy. A goodly number of the titled families of England owe their origin to old merchants and shopkeepers; but their modern representatives have nothing to do with trade, and look upon it as a thing altogether beneath them. In the Gurneys, on the other hand, we see the almost solitary instance of an ancient family that, in later times, has not been ashamed to engage in commerce, and has drawn from it a dignity as great as any that could come from lengthy pedigrees and the traditions of bygone ages.

They are descended from a Hugh de Gournay, Lord of Gournay and the adjacent Barony of Le Brai, who in 1054 commanded at the Battle of Mortimer, and in 1066 accompanied William the Conqueror to England. To him and his successors were made large grants of land in Norfolk, Suffolk, and elsewhere; and the Gournays were men of mark during the ensuing centuries. One of his descendants was Edmund Gournay, Recorder of Norwich, in the reign of Edward III.; and from that time to this Norwich has always been the residence of some members of the family. The most notable of his successors, as far as we are concerned, was a Francis Gournay, or Gurnay, who was born about the year 1560. He seems to have been a native of Norwich, and he married the daughter of a Norwich mer-

chant; but the greater part of his life was spent in London. In 1606 he was made a member of the Guild of Merchant Tailors, and for some years he lived in Broad Street ward, in the parish of Saint Mary Benet-finch, working as a merchant.

There was another merchant of his name, and a much more famous man, living in London at the same time, though apparently not of the same family. Sir Richard Gurney was born at Croydon in 1577. He was apprenticed to Mr. Richard Coleby, a silkman in Cheapside, who so liked him that, at his death, he bequeathed to him his shop and a sum of 600*l*. Part of that money he spent in travelling through France and Italy, 'where,' says his old biographer, 'he improved himself, and, by observing the trade of the respective marts as he passed, laid the foundation of his future 'traffic.' Soon after his return, it is added, being himself of no great family, he discreetly married 'into a family at that time commanding most of the money, and, by that, most of the nobility, gentry, and great tradesmen of England.' Thereby he became a great merchant and a very wealthy man. He was Sheriff of London in 1634, and Lord Mayor in 1641. He was a great benefactor to the Clothworkers' Company, of which he was a member and warden, and he gave freely to all sorts of City charities. He also, being a sturdy Royalist, lent or gave immense sums of money to King Charles I.; at one time, on his majesty's return from Scotland, spending 4000*l*. in entertaining him. He was one of the great champions of Charles's cause in the City, during the commencement of the Commonwealth struggle. In 1640, when he was sixty-three years old, it is recorded, 'one night, with thirty or forty lights and a few attendants, he rushed suddenly out of the house on thousands, with the City sword drawn, who immediately retired to their own houses and gave over their design.' This excess

of loyalty, however, caused his ruin. In 1642, he was ejected from his Mayoralty and lodged in the Tower. There, for refusing to pay the fine of 5000*l.* appointed by Parliament, he was kept a prisoner for seven years, and there he died in 1649.

His contemporary, Francis Gournay, had his share of trouble. On the 17th of June, 1622, the corporation of Lynn lent to him and two partners of his a sum of 200*l.*, for 'setting the poor to work within the town.' According to the terms of the agreement between them, the money was to be repaid in three years' time, and in the meanwhile Gournay was 'to freely provide, find, and deliver sufficient wool and other material to all those poor people dwelling within the borough who shall come to be set on work in spinning of worsted yarn.' He was also to instruct all the poor children who were sent to him in the spinning of wool; in fact, he was to do all he could to establish in the town a branch of the woollen manufacture that for some time past had formed the chief business of Norwich and its neighbourhood. Therein, however, he failed. Good churchmen attributed the failure to the circumstance that his factory was a desecrated church. A century before, it seems, the corporation of Lynn had received certain monasteries and ecclesiastical foundations during the spoliation under Henry VIII. One of these, the church of Saint James, in Lynn, according to Sir Henry Spelman, was 'perverted to be a town house for the manufacture of stuffs, laces, and tradesmen's commodities, whereby they thought greatly to enrich their corporation and themselves. Great projects and good stocks, with a contribution from some country gentlemen, were raised for this purpose—two several times, to my knowledge. But the success was that it came to nought, and all the money employed about new building and transforming the church hath only increased desolation; for so it hath stood during the whole time almost of my memory, till they lately attempted, by the undertaking of Mr. Francis Gournay and some

artisans from London, to revive the enterprise of their predecessors; but, speeding no better than they did, have now again, with loss of their money and expectation, left it to future ruin.'

Whatever was the cause of it, Francis Gournay's experiment failed. He was not able to pay back the money he had borrowed from the corporation; and he seems to have been in trouble, by reason of it, to the end of his life. His son, Francis, born in 1628, was a merchant or shopkeeper at Maldon, in Essex, and apparently a man of not much substance. But the fortunes of the house were revived by old Francis Gournay's grandson, John Gurney, or Gurney, of Norwich. He was born at Maldon on the 7th of October, 1655, and, as soon as he was old enough, was apprenticed to Daniel Gilman, a cordwainer of Norwich. For a time his business energies were restrained by the bigotry of his fellow-townsmen. Some five-and-twenty years after George Fox's public preaching of the doctrines of the Society of Friends, before 1678, at any rate, John Gurney became a convert to those doctrines. He was one of the fourteen hundred and sixty Quakers imprisoned on account of their religious opinions, and for three years he lay in Norwich Gaol. After that he was released; but still considerable difficulty arose through his refusal to take the freeman's oath required before he could be allowed to practise as a merchant within the city walls. At last, however, an exception was made in his favour, and for some thirty years or more he was a famous and very thriving merchant in Norwich, living at a house in Saint Augustine's parish. He was chiefly engaged in trade with the silk and wool dealers of France and the continent. He had connections in Holland, among others, with the Hopes of Amsterdam, just then entering on their wonderful career of commercial prosperity. Like them, he added a sort of banking business to his occupations as a merchant. He was also a manufacturer. A brother of the Sir Thomas Lombe who established

the celebrated silk-mill at Derby was a Quaker, and, for a time, a fellow-prisoner of Gurney's. Gurney afterwards bought of Sir Thomas some property that he possessed in Norwich, and placed thereon a silk-mill, imitated from that set up at Derby. In these ways he soon grew rich, being much aided in his business by his wife, Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir Richard Swanton. It was said, indeed, that Elizabeth Gurney had the greater business abilities of the two, and that she was the real founder of the commercial greatness of the Norwich Gurneys.* Be that as it may, the

* This amusing letter was addressed by her to her husband, while he was up in London, in 1716:—

For John Gurney, Senr., att Theodore Ettleston's, in Crown Court, in Gracechurch Street, London.

¹ Norwich, 3rd 17 of 3rd mo., 1716.

'MY DEARE,—These are to acquaint thee that I have drawn a bill on John Ettleston, to William Crowe, or order, for James Paynter. Thou told me he nor his father would want no money, but he have been with me twice for sum, but I had none for him nor nobody else. I never knew such a week of trade all the hard weather as I have known this week. I could have had some if Richard How had sent culord and the book muslin and those goods I have sent for; but when he have served all his customers, so that they have forestalled the market, then I shall have the rubbish they leave. I take it very ill that thou tye me to those people, for I am sure we are both sufferers by it. He know right well if there be anything to do, it is at this time of year, but I have been served so severall years. Branthwait have not sent me the money, nor Lilly have paid none, nor the country have sent none, nor I have taken scarce any; so I know not what they will do att John's. What pleasure thou meet withall at London much good may it doe thee; but I am sure I am in trouble enough. I can hardly tell how to forgive Richard How, to think how he have done by me. My neighbour Alice desire thee to buy her 2 hundred of gold, and 2 pound of the best coffee. Pray desire John to think to buy me sum silk gloves of the maker, as I ordered him by my letter. So with deare love to thee and my children, I conclude,

'Thy discontented Wife at present,

'ELIZ. GURNEY.

'My daughter Hannah have now sent for me strait. Her child is taken very ill.'

business prospered mightily, and when John Gurney died, in 1721, he left a goodly fortune and very profitable connections to his sons, John and Joseph.

These sons were partners in both the manufacturing and mercantile concerns, prosecuting both with considerable success. John Gurney, the younger, who was born on the 16th of July, 1688, and died on the 23rd of January, 1740, was a famous man in his day. He was an intimate friend of both the Walpoles, and by them urged to enter Parliament; but he preferred to devote himself to his business, and take all his relaxation at home. In 1720 he was examined before the House of Lords concerning the intended prohibition of Indian calicoes, which had lately come to be freely imported into England. He drew a dismal picture of the evils consequent to the woollen trade from this innovation. Worcester and Gloucester, Bristol and York, he said, were being ruined through the preference that was being shown to cotton over woollen clothing. In York, 'the poverty of the manufacturers was so great that they were obliged to eat unwholesome diet, which had occasioned a distemper among them.' In Norwich, he represented, there was the greatest distress of all. Thousands of workpeople were thrown out of employment; and the paupers were so numerous, that on many of the houses twenty-four shillings were assessed for every pound of rent for poor-rates. These arguments, and the arguments of other monopolists prevailed. A law was made in 1721 'to preserve and encourage the woollen and silk manufactures,' whereby all cotton clothing was forbidden, with a fine of 5*l.* for each offence upon the wearer, and 20*l.* on the seller; and John Gurney was henceforth known as 'the famous advocate of the weavers.'

Joseph Gurney, four years younger than his brother, survived him by ten years, inheriting the entire manufacturing business, and leaving most of the mercantile work to be conducted by his nephews. In 1747 he was rich enough to buy the Old

Hall at Keswick, which, with subsequent additions and improvements, was made a splendid possession for his descendants. His two elder sons, John and Samuel, succeeded him as manufacturers. They introduced into Norwich the Irish plan of making home-spun yarns, besides employing great numbers of native Irish, and were in their time accounted great benefactors both to the eastern counties of England and to the northern districts of England. Samuel Gurney left only a daughter, and Richard's three sons soon retired from the manufacturing business; Richard and Joseph to settle down as country gentlemen; John, after some prosperous work as a woolstapler and spinner of worsted yarn, to become a partner with his cousin, Bartlett Gurney, in the management of the Norwich Bank. This Bank had been founded by John and Henry Gurney, sons of the John Gurney who had defended the woollen monopoly before the House of Lords in 1720. Succeeding their father as merchants, they followed the example of many other wealthy traders, and added an irregular banking business to their ordinary trade. Finding this a great source of further wealth, they at last devoted themselves exclusively to banking, and to that end converted the old house in Saint Augustine's parish into the original Norwich Bank, in 1770. From them the business descended in 1779 to Bartlett Gurney, Henry Gurney's son, and by him it was transferred to its present quarters, and enlarged by the admission of other partners, the principal being the younger John Gurney already named, and he, after Bartlett Gurney's death in 1803, was its chief proprietor and manager.

Himself a good and useful man, he was the father of a famous family. One of his daughters was Elizabeth Fry, another married Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and a third was Priscilla Gurney. His two most notable sons were Joseph John Gurney the philanthropist, and Samuel Gurney the millionaire.

Samuel, the one whose history most concerns us, was born at Norwich on the 18th of October, 1786.

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He was John Gurney's second son and ninth child. At the age of seven he was put to school with the celebrated Doctor Parr, and at fourteen he was apprenticed to the Clothworkers' Company in London, and placed in the counting-house, in Saint Mildred's Court, Poultry, in which his brother-in-law, Joseph Fry, as partner in the firm of Frys and Chapman, carried on an extensive trade as a tea-merchant, with some irregular employment as a banker. 'He took to business and liked it,' according to the report of the niece, whose first remembrances of him were as an inmate in the Saint Mildred's Court household. 'In the counting-house as well as in domestic life, he was extremely amiable and cheerful, and was beloved by the whole establishment. Although not brought up in conformity to the costume or speech of the Society of Friends, he showed no propensity to follow fashions or gaiety of appearance, beyond a suitable neatness of attire.' From the very first, indeed, he seems to have been so thoroughly a man, or rather a boy, of business, as to have cared for no lighter occupations. In 1807, when his sister Hannah married Thomas Fowell Buxton, he went down to the wedding, but, it is recorded, tired of the festivities long before they were over, and was glad to get back to his book-keeping and money-changing.

In the following year, however, Samuel Gurney was married himself, his wife being Elizabeth, the daughter of James Sheppard of Ham House, in Essex, a handsome residence that soon descended to the young couple and was their place of abode during nearly the whole of their married life. The wealth that came to Samuel Gurney from his father-in-law, as well as that bequeathed to him by his father, who died in 1809, helped him to make rapid progress in the new business in which he had embarked a little while before, on his reaching the age of twenty-one.

The business had begun a few years earlier than that, growing out of a yet earlier connection between Joseph Smith, a wool factor in Lon-

don, and the Norwich Bank. Joseph Smith had found the advantage of applying part of his savings as a merchant to the then very slightly developed trade of bill-discounting, and John Gurney of Norwich, with whom he had been acquainted long before, when both were simply dealers in raw wool and manufactured cloths, also found the advantage of sending up to him some of the surplus money of the Norwich Bank, for investment in the same way, paying to Smith a quarter per cent. on the money laid out in each transaction as his commission. This arrangement having continued for

some time, it occurred to Smith's confidential clerk, John Overend, by whom most of the bill business had been done, that there was room in London for a separate establishment devoted to trade in bills. He asked his master to open an establishment of that sort, taking him as managing partner therein. This Joseph Smith refused to do, and Overend resigned his clerkship in consequence. He found the Norwich Gurneys, however, more favourable to his project, and about the year 1800 the house of Richardson, Overend, and Company was founded, the chief management being in his hands, and for a



JOHN GURNEY (THE SECOND) OF NORWICH.

few years in those of Thomas Richardson, formerly chief clerk in the bank of Smith, Wright, and Gray, afterwards Esdaile and Company. Simon Martin, an old clerk, and afterwards a partner in the Norwich Bank, went up to London to help build up the business and to watch its movements on behalf of the Bank, whence most of the money was obtained for investment. The enterprise thrived wonderfully from the first, one great source of its popularity being the change introduced by the new firm, which charged the quarter per cent. commission against the borrowers of the money,

instead of the lenders as heretofore ; and in 1807 John Gurney added vastly to its strength by introducing his son Samuel as a partner. About that time Thomas Richardson retired from the business, and it was carried on under the name of Overend and Company, even after John Overend's death, until the secret of its connection with the Norwich house could no longer be kept, and it assumed its world-famous title of Overend, Gurney, and Company.

Its prosperity was in some measure the cause, but in much greater measure the consequence, of the new views on banking and trade in

money that came into force in the early part of the nineteenth century. Banking, which had existed in some other countries for a long time before, came into fashion in England about the middle of the seventeenth century, soon to lead to the foundation of the Bank of England, at William Paterson's suggestion, in 1694. It immediately proved very helpful to British commerce in lowering the rate of interest for borrowed money, strengthening all sorts of financial operations, and in other ways giving encouragement to all the branches of trade and industry. The Bank of England, however, was from the first, and is to this day, only a private bank on a large scale, endowed with special privileges on account of its loans to the government, amounting at its foundation to 1,200,000*l.*, and now to upwards of 11,000,000*l.* Its first charter offered no obstacle to the establishment of other like institutions, and no law could ever be passed preventing private individuals from following the banker's trade. But in 1709 the governors of the Bank obtained an Act forbidding the formation of any banks of issue under more than six proprietors, and so secured for themselves a practical monopoly in joint-stock banking. Their company was allowed to issue paper money to the extent of its loans to the state, but no paper money not covered by government securities was allowed, and the quantity issued could not be forced on people against their will. During the eighteenth century a great number of other banks were formed, both in London and in the country. In 1750, there were in England hardly a dozen bankers out of London; in 1793 there were more than four hundred. Scotland also, untouched by the law in favour of the Bank of England, had three joint-stock banks, with branches in various parts, besides a great number of private establishments. These banks, growing out of the commercial prosperity of the country, helped the tide of speculation which, if it might have been fortunate in times of peace, led to terrible failures on the revival of a European war and

the disasters consequent thereupon. In 1784 there were in circulation six millions of bank-notes, that is, of the paper vouchers given by bankers for the money deposited with them, which in those days took the place for ordinary trading purposes of the modern cheques. In 1792 the number had risen to nearly eleven millions and a half. Next year war was declared between England and France, and in the panic that ensued at least one-fourth of the English country banks stopped payment, most of the others being grievously shaken. The London banks also suffered considerably, the suffering being everywhere attributed in great measure to the restrictive policy of the directors of the Bank of England, who, in spite of the advice of the Government and the prayers of thousands of merchants and manufacturers, sought to strengthen their own position by issuing as little money as they possibly could for the assistance of their neighbours. For this their best excuse was in the fact that their resources had been, and continued to be yet more and more, materially crippled by the immense drains made upon them by Government on account of the expenses of its continental wars. In October, 1795, the directors, brought almost to bankruptcy, informed Pitt that they could not hold out much longer. Other messages followed, and at last, in February, 1797, the Bank was authorised by the Privy Council to refuse cash payment for its notes, or the issue of any coin in sums larger than twenty shillings. In the following May an Act was passed enforcing that resolution, and sanctioning an almost unlimited issue of notes. Sheridan declared it 'a farce to call that a bank whose promise to pay on demand was paid by another promise to pay at some undefined period,' and Sir William Pulteney introduced a bill 'for the erection of a new bank in case the Bank of England did not pay in specie on or before the 24th of June, 1798.' But this opposition was ineffectual, and the Bank Restriction Act remained in force for two-and-twenty years, without any serious

attempt at overturning the monopoly of the Bank of England.

Great advantage sprang from this Restriction Act through its encouragement of sound and enlightened views as to the value of paper money and the nature of credit; but, while it lasted, it also brought serious mischief by its depreciation of the bank note in value to the extent, at one time, of from 25 to 30 per cent. Almost the greatest of the many great benefits conferred on commerce by Sir Robert Peel was his Act of 1819, abolishing the restrictions on gold and silver currency and the forced issue of paper money. The directors of the Bank of England were still allowed to issue as many notes as they chose, but they were compelled to exchange them for gold on demand, and thus were virtually prohibited from giving out more than the public felt it safe to take at the full price of their equivalent in bullion. This was a national avowal of the principle that money, that is, the circulating medium, is not gold and silver alone, but gold, silver, paper, and anything else which can be regarded as a trustworthy agent in the interchange of commodities, and the bartering of capital, labour, and the like.

This was the principle which gave vitality to such concerns as the one of which Samuel Gurney was for a long time the head, and which, not a little through his help, has been great source of extension to modern commerce. 'Credit,' said Daniel Webster, 'has done more a thousand times to enrich nations than all the mines of all the world.' Were we forced now to carry on all our commercial dealings by means of gold and silver, it would only be possible, in spite of the increase of our stores of these metals, to continue a very small portion of our present trade. This, however, no one now attempts to do. The legal currency, whether gold, silver, or bank-notes, is only a sort of pocket-money in comparison with the real currency of trade. It serves for the smaller sort of retail purchases, for payments across the counter and the

like; but the great merchant has not in his possession all through his lifetime actual money equal in amount to the paper equivalent of money that passes through his hands every day of the week. All his important business is carried on exclusively by means of bills, bonds, cheques, and the other materials included in the terms 'commercial debt' and 'credit.' His ready money is lodged with a banker, as has been the practice since the beginning of the eighteenth century, except that now he draws cheques for so much as he needs for use from time to time, instead of receiving from his banker a number of promissory notes, to be passed to and fro, while the actual deposit was in the banker's hands to be used in whatever safe and profitable way he chose. Now, however, the cheques are in comparatively few cases exchanged for real money, they being piled up by the bankers into whose hands they come and paired off one with another, or in heaps together, while the deposits that they represent are left untouched. In this way the money does double work, being itself available for use by the banker or his agents, while the equivalent cheques are quite as serviceable for all the purposes of trade. And this is only the simplest instance of the modern principle of credit. In all sorts of ways, every bit of money and everything else that can be taken as a representative of wealth, whether actual or prospective, is turned over and over, each turning being a creation, to all intents and purposes, of so much fresh money. A merchant, for example, buys a thousand pounds' worth of goods for export, say to India, China, or Australia. He pays for the same by means of a bill of exchange, accepted as soon as possible, but not payable till two or three months after date. The manufacturer or agent of whom he buys the goods, however, does not wait all that time for his money. In all probability he immediately gets the bill discounted, thereby losing some 15*l.* or 20*l.*, but having the sum of 980*l.* or 985*l.* available for appropriation

in other ways, and thus for the acquisition of fresh profits. Before the original bill falls due he has built perhaps twenty fresh transactions on the basis of the first one, and so, in effect, has turned his 1,000*l.* into 20,000*l.*, less the 300*l.* or 400*l.* that have been deducted by the bill-broker as discount. And the same original transaction has been made the groundwork of a number of other transactions on the part of the merchant who bought the goods. He bought them for 1,000*l.*, to sell again for, say 1,200*l.*, part of the difference being his profit, part being absorbed in freight, insurance, and so forth. He is not likely to be paid for the goods in less than six months' time; and he has to pay for them in two or three months. But long before either of those terms expires he has raised part of the money on the security of his bill of lading, and so is enabled to enter on other transactions, just as the manufacturer had done. Or he sends out his bill to some partner, agent, or deputy in the district to which the goods are consigned, and that, being accepted, is available for the payment of debts already contracted in that part or for immediate transmission home, or to some third place, for use in any way that is found desirable. In such ways as these, and they are numberless, a very small amount of actual money goes to the building up, on the one side, of a vast structure of credit, and, on the other, of a vast structure of commerce.

There was a hazy comprehension of this system long centuries ago. 'If you were ignorant of this, that credit is the greatest capital of all towards the acquisition of wealth,' said Demosthenes, 'you would be utterly ignorant.' But the modern theory of credit is very modern indeed, having almost its first exemplification, on a large scale, in the establishment of Overend, Gurney, and Company. This house, as we saw, was established to make a separate business of bill-discounting, much more complete and extensive than the chance trade in bills that had formerly been, and that continued to be, carried on by

bankers, merchants, and all sorts of irregular money-lenders. Very soon after the time of Samuel Gurney's supremacy in it, it began to assume gigantic proportions, and it was, for some thirty or forty years, the greatest discounting house in the world, the parent of all the later and rival establishments that have started up in London and elsewhere. At first only discounting bills, its founders soon saw the advantage of lending money on all sorts of other securities, and their cellars came to be loaded with a constantly varying heap of dock-warrants, bills of lading, shares in railways and public companies, and the like. To do this, of course, vast funds were necessary, very much in excess of the immense wealth accumulated by the Gurneys in Norwich and elsewhere. Therefore, having proved the value and stability of his business, Samuel Gurney easily persuaded those who had money to invest to place it in his hands, they receiving for the same a fixed and fair return of interest, and he obtaining with it as much extra profit as the fluctuations of the money market and the increasing needs of trade made possible. He became, in fact, a new sort of merchant, buying credit—that is, borrowing money—on the one hand, and selling credit—that is, lending money—on the other, and deriving from the trade his full share of profits.

Great help came to his money-making and to his commercial influence from the panic of 1825. That panic arose partly from the financial disorganization consequent on the enforcement of Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1819, very good in itself but promotive of much trouble until it had brought matters into a healthy condition. Its more immediate cause, however, was the excessive speculation in joint-stock companies at home as well as in continental mines, American cotton, and other branches of foreign commerce.* Several London banks

* This is an enumeration of the joint-stock companies projected in 1824 and 1825, the great years of joint-stock company mania:—

failed, and at least eighty country banks fell to the ground, the Bank of England itself being only saved by the accidental finding of two million one-pound notes that had been packed away and lost sight of some time before. Even Joseph John Gurney, much more of a philanthropist than a banker, suffered from the pressure. 'Business has been productive of trial to me,' he wrote in characteristic way in his journal, 'and has led me to reflect on the equity of God, who measures out His salutary chastisement, even in this world, to the rich as well as the poor. I can certainly testify that some of the greatest pains and most burdensome cares which I have had to endure have arisen out of being what is usually called a "monied man."'

His brother, however, was much more mixed up in the turmoil. 'Knowing intimately as he did the sufferings which awaited those who could no longer command credit or obtain supplies from other quarters,' said one of Samuel Gurney's old friends, 'his anxiety was felt more on others' account than his own,'—the fact being that his own financial dealings were so sound that he had no fear for himself, and only had to settle how to make most money with most secondary advantage to those he dealt with. 'His desire,' it is added, 'was to act fairly and justly to his fellow-creatures, as well as to himself; and thus did he move onwards cautiously and step by step through those troublous times, lest he should lead any into

error by his judgment. It was a remarkable sight to witness him plunge day by day into the vortex of City business and return thence to his own domestic hearth without any trace of a mammon-loving spirit.' We can well believe that the honest Quaker was reasonably free from the 'mammon-loving spirit;' but he knew well how to seek and secure his own advancement, and this he did very notably, by lending to many houses money enough to enable them to ride through their difficulties, and so bringing to himself much fresh favour and much new custom during the following years. From this time forth he came to be known as a banker's banker, taking the place, for many, of the Bank of England. Hundreds of private banks fell into the way of sending him, from time to time, their surplus cash, finding that they were as sure of getting it back whenever they wanted it, as if they had lodged it in the Bank of England, and that in the meanwhile they were getting higher interest for it than the Bank would have granted. 'We do not feel the slightest dependence upon the Bank of England,' said one of the number, Mr. Robert Carr Glyn, before the Bank Charter Committee in 1832, 'nor do we feel the slightest obligation to it in any way.'

Samuel Gurney was thus the cause of an injury to the Bank of England for which he was not easily forgiven. And in other ways the old Bank privileges were being assailed during these years. In 1826 an Act was passed sanctioning the establishment of joint-stock banks throughout the country, except in London and within a distance of sixty-five miles thereof. 'The present system of law as to banks,' said Lord Liverpool, in supporting the measure, 'must now be altered in one way or another. It is the most absurd, the most inefficient legislation; it has not one recommendation to stand upon. The present system is one of the fullest liberty as to what is rotten and bad, but of the most complete restriction as to all that is good. By it a cobbler, or a cheesemonger,

	Capital.
74 Mining Companies	£38,370,000
29 Gas ditto	12,077,000
20 Insurance ditto	35,820,000
28 Investment ditto	52,600,000
54 Canal and Railroad ditto	44,051,000
67 Steam ditto	8,555,500
11 Trading ditto	10,450,000
26 Building ditto	13,781,000
23 Provision ditto	8,360,000
292 Miscellaneous ditto	148,108,600
624	£372,173,100

Of these, however, only 245 companies were actually formed, and the actual capital paid up amounted to only £17,605,625.

may issue his notes, without any proof of his ability to meet them, and unrestricted by any check whatever; while, on the other hand, more than six persons, however respectable, are not permitted to become partners in a bank with whose notes the whole business of the country might be transacted. Altogether the whole system is so absurd, both in theory and practice, that it would not appear to deserve the slightest support if it was attentively considered even for a single moment.' It would certainly have been altered long before, but for the influence of the Bank of England directors, eager to have as much of a monopoly as possible in their own hands. This bill, permitting joint-stock banks at a distance, however, was passed in 1826, and a few years later the wonderful discovery was made that joint-stock banks were legal even in London, and had been so from the beginning. James William Gilbart, having begun life as a banker's clerk in 1813, and after twelve years so spent, having gained fresh experience and influence in Ireland, pointed out that the Act of 1709, while forbidding joint-stock banks of issue, offered no obstacle to joint-stock banks of deposit. The consequence was the immediate formation of the London and Westminster Bank in 1833. Before that bank was fairly established, however, Parliament had complied with the demands of the free traders in money and passed a bill intended to give legal countenance to the institutions against which it was found that there was no legal prohibition. Therein it was 'declared and enacted that any body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, although consisting of more than six persons, might carry on the trade or business of banking in London or within sixty-five miles thereof.' That was a full concession of the grand point at issue. Other matters of dispute arose, and for the first four years of its history the London and Westminster Bank was in constant altercation and litigation. But at last common sense prevailed, and

the London and Westminster Bank not only entered itself upon a career of wonderful prosperity, but also became the parent of a number of other joint-stock banks, destined in due time, we may fairly believe, altogether to supersede the older private banks.

It was really to atone for that apparent infringement of the Bank's monopoly, though ostensibly, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, 'to prevent as much as possible fluctuations in the currency, of the nature of those which have, at different times, occasioned hazard to the Bank and embarrassment to the country,' that the Bank Charter Act of 1844 was passed. Sir Robert Peel entered heartily into the work, thinking that thus he would complete the financial reform begun by his Act of 1819, and in some of the wealthiest bank directors he had very eloquent and persuasive guides. Part of the new Charter was unquestionably beneficial. By it the Bank was separated into two distinct establishments, one solely for issuing bank-notes, the other for transacting ordinary business. The banking department is only a huge joint-stock bank, and deals with the public just in the same way as do the London and Westminster, or Coutts's or Child's banks. The issue department, subsidised by Government, receives all the bullion intended to be held in reserve and promulgates an exact equivalent for it in bank-notes, issuing also paper money, for which there is no corresponding bullion, to the extent of 14,650,000*l.* on the security of Government debts and other securities produced by Government. Whether the Bank Charter has on the whole been helpful to the progress of commerce need not here be discussed. It has been, beyond all question, very helpful to the Bank and to the many wealthy men whose wealth has brought them into connection with it.

Among these, though as wealthy as any, Samuel Gurney was not reckoned. His house was too much in rivalry with one branch of the Bank of England's business for him

to have more connection with it than was necessary. He took no prominent part, therefore, either in favour or in disapproval of the reconstruction of the Bank Charter in 1844. But he was as zealous as any of the men in office in Threadneedle Street in his opposition to the movement in favour of joint-stock undertakings. It may be that in this he was somewhat influenced by his anticipations of the rivalry that would come through them to the vast business that he had formed. The only rivals that appeared during his lifetime, however, were private speculators. Of these, the first was Richard Sanderson, originally a clerk of his own. After learning the mystery of successful money-lending in the house of Overend, Gurney, and Company, Sanderson started in business for himself. He married a daughter of Lord Canterbury's, and became a Member of Parliament, thus advancing his social position, but perhaps damaging his commercial prospects. He failed in 1847; soon revived the business in partnership with a Mr. Sandeman, and therein prospered for a few years, to fail again in 1857. More uniformly successful was another and younger bill-broker, a Mr. Alexander, who had for some time been a clerk in the banking-house of Robarts, Curtis, and Company. In 1856, the year of Samuel Gurney's death, it was estimated that Overend, Gurney, and Company held deposits amounting to 8,000,000*l.*, while Alexander and Company were in possession of documents valued at 4,000,000*l.*, and Sanderson and Sandeman of 3,500,000*l.* worth of paper; the wealth of the three houses together being no less than 15,500,000*l.*

During many years before that, Samuel Gurney had had very little to do with the business, its chief management being then in the hands of Mr. David Barclay Chapman. While he was young and vigorous, Gurney made money-getting his one grand business. It is said of him that when once an elder friend warned him against too close attention to the things of this

world, he replied that he could not help himself; he could not live without his business. During the last ten or twelve years of his life, however, he left nearly all the management in the hands of others, and found his occupation in enjoyment of his princely fortune and application to various charitable and philanthropic undertakings. Charitable he had been all through his life. 'Many are the solid remembrances of the more prominent features of Mr. Gurney's charities,' says his very friendly biographer; 'but besides those deeds more generally known to the public, there were many lesser streams of silent benevolence still flowing from the fountain of love to God and man, which spread refreshment around. We have already alluded to his kindly aid to many members of his large family connection, but it might be said that not only there, but elsewhere, he was wonderfully gifted, not only with the will, but with the power to help. Besides his efficiency in action, his very presence seemed to impart strength, courage, and calm in any emergency, whilst his practical wisdom, his clear and decisive mind and noble spirit of charity led many to bring cases of difficulty before him, knowing from experience how sure and effective was his aid. It may be truly said of Samuel Gurney that he loved to do good service, whether by advice or money—by his sound judgment or well-apportioned aid. He really took trouble to serve his fellow-creatures, and a narration of his mere alms-giving, extensive as it was, would give a very limited idea of the good he effected during the journey of life.' During many years of his life he is reported to have spent 10,000*l.* a year in charities, and one year, it is said, the amount exceeded 16,000*l.*

Many are the records of his kindly disposition, shown in little ways and great.

'One afternoon,' says one of his clerks, 'as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard Street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game, to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and took it from him.

He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice, exclaimed, "Dost thou know H——'s in Leadenhall Market?" I replied in the affirmative. "Then go there and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account."

A more important instance of his generosity is in the circumstance that when, on one occasion, a forgery had been committed to the injury of his Lombard Street house, and the culprit lay in prison with clear proof of guilt, Gurney refused to prosecute him and so obtained his release. At another time, we are told, 'one of the first silversmiths in the City, and a man of high esteem for his uprightness, was accused of forgery. The excitement as to the probable result of this inquiry was intense, and the opinions of men differed widely. On the morning of the decisive day,' says the merchant who tells the story, 'I chanced to hear that my friend Gurney was prepared to stand by the prisoner in the dock. I immediately proceeded to Lombard Street, where I found him occupied with the vast interests of his business, and asked him hastily whether common report were true. Upon which he said, "After a most anxious investigation of the matter, I am firmly convinced of that man's innocence. I deem it my duty to express this conviction publicly, and will join him in the felon's dock." And most assuredly he went; nor could any one easily forget the intense sensation produced in the crowd of spectators when, on the prisoner being conducted to his place, the stately figure of Samuel Gurney presented itself to the public gaze by the side of the innocent silversmith.'

In mitigation of the laws regarding forgery, in company with his brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Samuel Gurney first showed himself to the world as a philanthropist. He also took a lively interest in all plans for improving and increasing refuges and reformatories. He was for many years, after the death of William Allen, treasurer to the British and Foreign

School Society, and to other like institutions he was always a good friend. Visiting Ireland in 1849, he astonished the inhabitants by the liberality with which he drained his purse to relieve them, when he could, amid their sufferings from the potato famine. At Ballina he found the town so full of paupers that there were none able to pay poor-rates, and the workhouse was consequently bankrupt. 'I found an execution put into it,' he said in one of his letters, 'and all the stock furniture is to be sold off this week, when the poor people will have to lie on straw, and the guardians must feed them as well as they can.' He bought up the whole of the furniture for 200*l.*, in order that, being his property, it might be saved from the creditors.

In 1848 Gurney gave 1,000*l.* to the government of Liberia, and he always took great interest in the prosperity of the little colony of freed slaves. Nor was he, like some anti-slavery worthies, careful only for the freedom of the blacks. In 1852 he sent a petition to the King of Prussia, on behalf of his dissenting subjects, praying that full religious liberty might be accorded them. The king answered that he did not mean to do anything that could distress 'his good friend Gurney.'

Gurney was not a bigot. Some one having written to him, in 1855, complaining of the way in which Fox and Penn had been spoken of by Lord Macaulay, in his 'History of England' he answered thus:—"It is a little mortifying that Macanlay should so have held up our honourable predecessors; not that they were perfect, or were ever held up as such, as far as I know; but they were extraordinary men, wonderfully elucidating and maintaining the truth. I am not prepared, however, to say that Fox was clear of eccentricities, and that, at times, he was not, to a certain extent, under such influence on his conduct; but, taking him for all in all, he was wonderfully gifted and enlightened. It will probably be considered by Friends whether there should be an answer somewhat official to these

attacks on our two worthies. I rather lean to it, although it would be impossible to reach wherever Macaulay's book may go; yet, if well done, it might have a beneficial effect upon the public mind, and upon our young people. There is, however, one consolation: "The truth as it is in Jesus,"—the truth as maintained by Friends is unchangeable, and remains the same, however feeble, or even faulty, its supporters may have been and are. That letter was written from Nice, whither Samuel Gurney had gone very soon after the death of his wife, hoping to improve the health that had been greatly shattered by his loss and the anxiety that preceded it. But in that he was mistaken. Growing worse in the spring of 1856, he hurried homewards, hoping to end his days in his own country and among his kindred. He reached Paris, but could go no further. There he died, on the 5th of June, 1856, seventy years of age, and one of the richest and most envied men in Europe.

We need not trace the history of his family any further; but the history of the house which became famous all the world over, chiefly through his enterprise and ability, may be followed right to the end. Samuel Gurney had not much to do with the business of Overend, Gurney, and Company for some time previous to his death. On his withdrawal from it, the chief management was during many years with Mr. David Barclay Chapman, who retired, in his turn, at the end of 1857, having first led the establishment safely through the panic of that year. Then the business fell into less skilful hands, and the disastrous failure of last May was the consequence.

The circumstances of that failure are well worth careful noting, helping us, as they do, to an understanding of the entire series of financial troubles to which it led the way, or served as a stepping-stone. The difficulties began last year, or even sooner, convincing proof—to those who cared to be convinced—of the weak condition of the business being in its exchange from private hands

into the form of a Limited Liability Company. Those difficulties had, in part, resulted from the great error, persistently avoided by old Samuel Gurney, of combining commercial speculation with legitimate financial operations. A man who simply lends money of his own can never fail, so long as he makes profits enough to pay his working expenses. If he borrows money to lend again at a profit, the principal part of all bankers' business nowadays, he is still quite safe, provided he takes care to deal only with customers who can be relied upon, and who are pledged to return the funds lent to them within reasonable time. But if he borrows money on the pretence of lending it for short terms and to trusty borrowers, and then locks it up in mining undertakings, railway companies, or other commercial speculations, whence it cannot possibly be drawn out at a short notice if necessary, he has only himself to thank when he gets into trouble. This seems to have been the grievous fault of Overend, Gurney, and Company, before it was reorganized, under the Limited Liability Act, in August, 1865. It was continued after that change; and the great discounting house found itself worse off than ever in the spring.

Its embarrassments were shared by other banking establishments; the high rates of interest offered by the trading or mining companies for all money lent to them being temptations too great for resistance. Nearly all the banks that failed during the summer of 1866 owed their failure, in part, to this source of weakness. The Birmingham and the Preston Banks, last in the order of failure, had been crippled for years through their having made large advances to speculators in the iron and cotton trades. The Agra and Masterman's Bank, with a much larger field of operations, had erred in the same way, risking its safety through connection with the great cotton houses of Bombay and other parts of India. The house of Overend, Gurney, and Company, as we saw, was chiefly involved with railway and iron contractors.

This seems to have been the immediate cause of the disasters. On the 9th of May, three suits brought against the Mid-Wales Railway Company by Overend, Gurney, and Company, and two other discounting houses, were decided in the Court of Common Pleas. The suits were for bills of exchange amounting to 60,000*l.*, drawn by the three houses named and accepted by the Railway Company, but dishonoured by it on their falling due. The Court decided that the Railway Company had no power to accept such bills, and that they, and all others like them, were mere waste paper. By these transactions themselves Overend, Gurney, and Company did not lose much; but they were known to hold immense quantities of the same sort of paper; and, if all this was good for nothing, the establishment was in a very dangerous position. That, at any rate, was the general opinion among City men on the morning of the 10th of May. The result was a rush on the Lombard Street house, which ended in the closing of its doors before the day was out, and next morning all England was startled by the news that it had failed with liabilities exceeding 10,000,000*l.* That news led immediately to the breaking of the Bank of London for about 4,000,000*l.*, the Consolidated Bank for nearly as much, and several other establishments for lesser sums: the crowning though not the final event of the panic being the failure of the Agra and Masterman's Bank for upwards of 15,000,000*l.* To say that the total losses occasioned by the panic amounted to 60,000,000*l.* would be certainly within the mark.

But they were not all losses; and the financial blunders to which we have referred were not the only causes of the catastrophe. Two very different sorts of people have made profit out of the troubles of their neighbours. Of the one sort are the great capitalists who have had money to lend at the exorbitant rate of ten per cent., or at a higher interest still; the body of rich men whose most successful possession is the Bank of England, endowed with very considerable privileges

and opportunities of money-making in return for its services to the State. The other and much less respectable class comprises a body of men known vaguely as stock-jobbers, whose wits are their principal capital, and who have lately found congenial employment for those wits in what are called 'bearing' operations. In Stock Exchange jargon, 'bulls' are the jobbers who speculate for a rise in the price of shares, that is, who buy when shares are low, with the intention of selling them again when they have risen in price; 'bears' are those who make their profits out of a fall in the value of shares. The inferior and less honest stockjobbers were 'bulls' last year and ever since the mania for limited liability companies that began in 1858, making it their business to bolster up the companies whose shares they really or nominally held, till they could be disposed of at a satisfactory profit: during the last eight or ten months they have been 'bears,' setting themselves to bear down or depreciate all sorts of establishments, in order that they may make money out of the fall. This they do by straining to the utmost the Stock Exchange rule which provides that stocks and shares, though they may be bought or sold any day, shall only be delivered or transferred at stated periods,—generally once a fortnight for ordinary commercial shares, and once a month for Consols and the like. 'To the uninitiated,' as the author of a clever little book on 'The Profits of Panics' has said, 'it may be unnecessary to explain that this selling of shares on the Stock Exchange does not require that the seller should have in his possession what he sells. The sale is always made for delivery at a future day, and even at that time it is very rare for the shares themselves to be delivered, but merely the difference of price between the quotations on the day the shares were sold and that on which they are delivered. Let us suppose that, on the 1st of March, Mr. Smith sells a hundred bank shares at 14*l.* premium. Smith has not, and never had, these hundred

shares, but he is bound to deliver them on a given day, say the 14th of the same month. If he can in the meantime procure these shares at, say 10*l.* premium, he will be the gainer of 4*l.* per share, or make 400*l.* without putting his hand in his pocket. But if, on the other hand, the value of these shares rise in the interval, and Smith cannot buy them for, say 18*l.* premium, it is very easy to see that he will be a loser to the amount of 4*l.* per share,

or 400*l.* on the transaction. It being, therefore, Smith's interest to procure these shares as low as possible, he does his best to run down their value.' Everybody knows how unscrupulously and disastrously this practice was adopted during last May and June. The stock-jobbers are more than half responsible for the failure of Overend, Gurney, and Company, and for all the other incidents of the panic of 1866.

UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

By MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. JAMES'S was made a royal palace by Henry VIII., as we have said, and little remains of it but the red-brick gateway, around which chairmen and flunkies have fought many a battle for precedence in days gone by. 'What is called the Chapel Royal was also part of the old building, and for which our great-grandmothers were wont to dress with as much care as for the Opera, and by their ogling and sighing aroused the anger of Bishop Burnett:

'When Burnett perceived that the beautiful dames,
Who flocked to the chapel of holy St. James,
On their lovers the kindest of looks did bestow,
And smiled not on him while he bellowed below,

To the Princess he went
With pious intent,

"The dangerous ill in the Church to prevent;"

and was laughed at for his pains.

The great Duke of Wellington was a constant attendant at the Chapel Royal when in town.

There are few historical associations (except drawing-rooms, levées, and state-balls) associated with St. James's Palace; and some of those we do not care to mention. Queen Mary died here, as did Caroline, George IV.'s queen. Charles II. and the Old Pretender were born at St. James's; and here Charles I. passed the night before his execution. St. James's Street, in Strype's

time, was a spacious street, some of the houses having a terrace walk, ascended by steps in front of them, and was well inhabited by gentry, when on Tuesday evening, December 6th, 1670, Colonel Blood made his desperate attack on the Duke of Ormond, when on his way to Clarendon House, and in spite of the six walking footmen, dragged the duke from his coach, and carried his grace towards Tyburn, where he intended to have hanged him. The villains were pursued, and the duke discovered struggling in the mud in Piccadilly and rescued. Blood and his party escaped.

Edmund Waller, the poet, lived in St. James's Street, as did Gibbon the historian; and in St. James's Place, opposite, lived Addison in 1710. It was long the rage to frequent

'The Campus Martius of St. James's Street,
Where the beau's cavalry pass to and fro
Before they take the field in Rotten Row;
Where Brookes's Blues and Walter's light dragons
Dismount in files and ogie in platoons.'

Gilray, the great caricaturist, when insane, threw himself from the window of his lodging at No. 20, and was killed.

Lord Byron lived in lodgings in St. James's, at a time when it was necessary to carry pistols in his carriage on a visit to Tom Campbell at Sydenham; and amongst other

distinguished residents was Samuel Rogers, who lived at No. 22. Lord Byron has recorded the impression produced upon him by the almost fastidious elegance of the apartments.

Perhaps you would like to be introduced to Lord Byron as he appeared about 1809. 'His face was void of colour and he wore no whiskers. His eyes were grey, fringed with long black lashes, and his air was imposing but rather supercilious. He wore a very nar-

row cravat of white sarsenet, with the shirt collar falling over it, then in remarkable contrast to the stiff starched cravats generally in vogue. A black coat and waistcoat and very broad white trousers of Russia duck in the morning, and of jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat.'

St. James's Street has long been a favourite locality for clubs, and (as it is no longer) for gaming-



TURNPIKE.

houses, or hells, as they were most appropriately called from the misery they occasioned, and after a dark room in St. James's Palace where hazard was played.*

* The internal decorations of Crockford's cost over 94,000*l.*, and everything that any member had to lose, and chose to risk, was swallowed up. 'The Pluto became Plutus, and retired,' says a writer of the time, 'much as an Indian chief from a hunting-ground, when there is not game enough left for his tribe.' Crockford's ceased as a club, and became elevated into the Wellington Dining-rooms in 1862.

Brookes's Club is probably the most aristocratic club in London, and had formerly amongst its members the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages. It was a great betting club, and the old betting-book, still preserved, is a great curiosity from the oddity of some of the bets it contains. The club was formed by Brookes, a wine-merchant, described as one who

'Nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults in trust, and blushes to be paid.'

At one time an introduction to

Almack's in King Street, St. James's, was a passport to the world of fashion, and coveted accordingly; but the glory has departed, and the exclusive character of the assemblies at 'Willis's Rooms,' very greatly declined. Almack was a Scotchman, and opened his assembly under high patronage, Feb. 12, 1765. His real name is said to have been Ma'cal.

Let us now enter the Green Park (formerly Little St. James's Park), and away by Constitution Hill (memorable for three outrages against the dearest life in Great Britain, and the accident which ended the career of one of England's greatest statesman, Sir Robert Peel) to Hyde Park Corner, where Charles II., crossing the road almost unattended, met the Duke of York, and said to him, in reply to an expression of brotherly alarm, 'I am in no danger, James, for no man in England will take my life to make you king.' The arch now at the entrance of the Green Park is a poor adaptation from the Arch of Titus, and on the top of it is the arch-absurdity of London, the Duke of Wellington's statue. It was originally put up there for the benefit of 'Punch,' who certainly pulled it to pieces, although he could not pull it down.

Let us pause for a moment at the site of old Tattersall's, or The Corner, as it was called. Richard Tattersall, the founder, was training groom to the Duke of Kingston, brother of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and after the death of the duke, took no other service. He purchased the celebrated racehorse Highflyer for £5000. The horse was the foundation of Tattersall's fortune, and he gave the name of Highflyer Hall to a house he built at Ely. Tattersall's was opened as an auction mart about 1795, when it stood on the verge of the 'five fields' which sloped down to the stream which carried off the superfluous water of Hyde Park. The five fields were celebrated for nightingales and foot-pads. What a change in less than a hundred years! Belgravia, a new London, grew round Tattersall's, and has at last squeezed it out of its long-known corner. Charles Mathews the elder, and celebrated

mimic, often accompanied one of the Mr. Tattersalls to Newmarket races, and upon a certain occasion took it into his head to imitate his friend the auctioneer when selling the blood stock usually offered for sale there. Tattersall bore this very well for some time. 'No. 44,' said Mr. Tattersall. 'No. 44,' said Mathews. 'A brown filly, by Smolenski—what shall we say to begin?' said Mr. T. 'A brown filly, by Smolenski—what shall we say to begin?' echoed Mathews. 'One hundred guineas, to begin?' asks Mr. Tattersall. 'One hundred guineas,' answered Mathews. 'It's yours, Mr. Mathews, and thank you,' said Mr. Tattersall, knocking down a very weedy affair, to the astonishment of his tormentor.

So far westward, we must take a peep at Ranelagh, and the merry ghosts of those who crowded its rotunda, which stood on the site of Ranelagh House, built in 1691 by Charles II.'s favourite earl of that name.

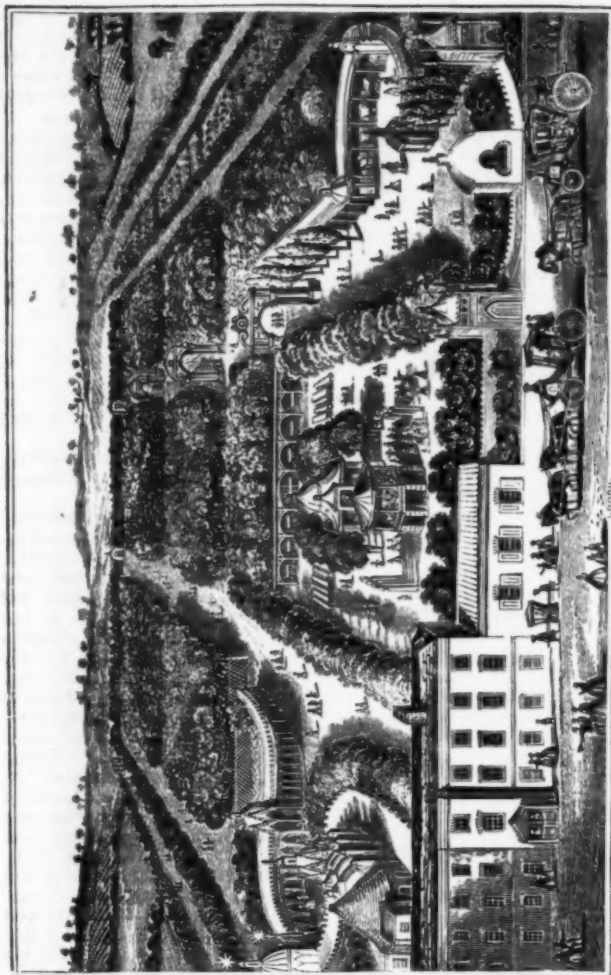
The older gardens of Vauxhall, however, claim precedence, although not in Westminster.

Fulkes Hall was called after one of King John's Norman warriors, and the name corrupted into Fauxeshall, Foxhall, and Vauxhall, and Guy Fawkes appears to have had some connection with it. It has been the prison of Lady Arabella Stuart, and the refuge of the gay and gallant Duke of Monmouth after Sedgemoor's fight, and the home of Ambrose Philips, the pastoral poet. When it became a place of entertainment it was called New Spring Gardens. Pepys went there 'by water, to observe the humours of the citizens pulling of cherries, and to see the fine people walking, hear the nightingales and other birds, and the fiddles, and the harp, and the Jews' trump.' He fell in company with Harry Killigrew and young Newport, and their mad talk and other improprieties made his heart ache.

Who has not been to Vauxhall with the 'Spectator' as Sir Roger de Coverley? If any here, let them turn to No. 383 in those enchanting volumes, and join that pleasant party; and there are other happy

ghosts with whom old Vauxhall might be revisited, and not only at the 'witching hour of night.' In later times some of our best singers

took the place of the nightingales, and Braham, Incledon, Storace, Mrs. Billington, and choirs of others were wont to charm the ear of our grand-



Old VAUXHALL GARDENS, LONDON (1710).

fathers. What a fairy place it seemed to us!—we won't say how many years ago—and how one walked and walked, and gaped, and stood in breathless wonder as Madame Saqui

climbed up that dark thread to a blazing temple high up amongst the clouds; or with what zest one ate those wafers of ham and Lilliputian chickens which cost so much, but

for which we paid cheerfully in compliment to the affable and graceful Mr. Simpson's bow and welcome to the 'Royal Property.' We are glad that there is nothing of Vauxhall Gardens remaining—that they are entirely and utterly effaced, affectionately buried in the past!

In 1743 the gardens of Ranelagh House were opened to the public

under the direction of Lacy, the Drury Lane manager, as a winter Vauxhall, and were frequented by princes, princesses, dukes, and nobility, and much mob besides (says Walpole), and my Lord Chesterfield was so fond of it that he had all his letters addressed there. The rotunda was 185 feet in diameter, warmed by a centre apparatus, and the pro-



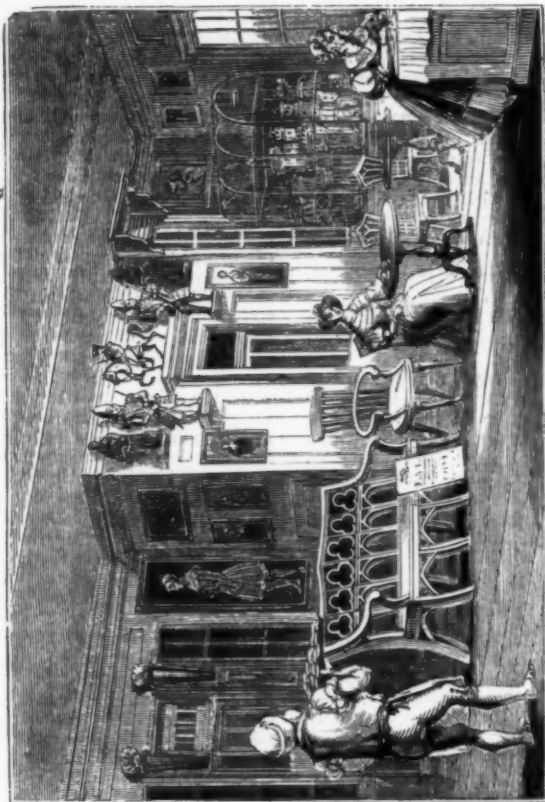
OLD CHELSEA BUN HOUSE.

menade matted. The interior was fitted with boxes for refreshments, and lighted by chandeliers hanging from the highly-painted ceiling. There was a Venetian pavilion in the centre of a lake in the garden to which visitors were rowed in boats, and the grounds were laid out in green alleys and dark walks. Concerts were given, the music composed

by Dr. Arne, and here the first compositions of the Catch Club were performed. The admission was a shilling, and there Sunday tea-drinking, masquerades, and ridottes were held at intervals, to which the admission was a guinea. Masquerades are said to have been in fashion at the Court of Edward III. (1340), and in the reign of Charles II.

masquerades were common among the citizens. They were suppressed in the reign of George I., as the bishops and clergy preached against them—no less than six masquerades being subscribed for in a month. They were revived and carried to a shameful excess (according to Mortimer) by the connivance of the

Government, and a ticket for one or two at Ranelagh were subscribed for at twenty-five guineas each (1776). Of late years masquerades have been only scenes of senseless noise and debauchery, including supper and a first-rate headache in the morning. The downfall of Ranelagh was the French Revolution. Until then the



CHIEF OF THE HOUSE.

tradesman, in his sober suit, never thought of mixing with swords and bag-wigs, the hoops and satin trains of his superiors in rank, even at Ranelagh, although the price of admission was low and the same to all. But the Revolution swept away such invidious distinctions. Maid-

servants acquired rights which now exhibit our cooks in crinoline: dress ceased to be distinctive of a class, and so Ranelagh and Vauxhall faded away, and Cremorne flourishes in its stead. In 1802 the installation ball of the Knights of the Bath was held here, and the Peace fête in 1803.

Next year Ranelagh was deserted and pulled down, and part of the grounds included in the old men's garden of Chelsea Hospital.

At the bottom of Jews Row, and near the Compasses, was Richard Hand's old Chelsea Bun House, where royalty and every one pretending to fashion made a small investment. Queen Charlotte presented Mr. Hand with a silver half-gallon mug with five guineas in it. On Good Friday morning upwards of fifty thousand persons have assembled here, and in one day more than 250*l.* have been taken for buns. When Ranelagh declined the Bun House languished also. Its last day of glory was Good Friday, 1839, when 240,000 buns were sold; and next day black draughts and Dover's powders were in universal demand, no doubt.

Hot cross-buns were the ecclesiastical *Eulogie* or consecrated wafer bestowed as alms on those who, from any impediment, could not receive the host.

We may as well remind you that the earliest manufactories of porcelain in England were at Bow and Chelsea, and at Chelsea China Works Dr. Johnson made his experiments on tea-cups. The works were in Justice Walk, and subsequently became a stained-paper manufactory. A pair of rare old Chelsea vases, painted with Roman triumphs, brought 23*l.* 10*s.* at the Stowe sale.

Kensington Palace was Lord Chancellor Finch's house at Kensington, and which his second son sold to William III., who added to the old building another story, designed by Wren. George II. added a royal nursery, destined, at a later date, to cradle our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. In Kensington Palace died William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George, Prince of Denmark, King George II., and the late Duke of Sussex. The gardens attached were at first nothing but gravel-pits; but Wise and Loudon, whom Addison dignifies as the heroic poets of gardening, produced the fine effects we now witness, although marred by the formal alterations of Bridgeman, the Dutch gardener. And here—

'The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravelled walks and unpolluted air;
Here, while the town in damp and darkness
Lies,
They breathe in sunshine and see azure skies.
Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seem from afar a moving tulip bed,
Where rich brocades and blooming damasks
glow,
And chints the rival of the showery bow.'
TICKELL.

These gardens are now much frequented by nursemaids and children, converting them literally into nursery gardens; and we are of opinion that our little men and women have the strongest claims to have their rights considered, knowing, as we do, the value of fresh air to children, especially London children.

The manor of Hyde belonged to the monks at Westminster until exchanged with the adjoining manor of Neyte and the advowson of Chelsea for the priory of Hurlay, in Berkshire. Henry VIII., no doubt, had the best of the bargain. It was surrounded with a deer-fence at a very early period, and, in 1550, the French ambassador hunted here with the king. In Charles II.'s time, foot and horse races took place round the ring, then a fashionable ride and promenade, none more so—not even Gray's Inn Gardens and Lamb's Conduit Fields—but partly destroyed by the formation of the Serpentine. Nearly a thousand coaches have been seen there of an evening (Oldys), and amongst them the Duchess of Cleveland's, when she abused Wycherley. It was the place of flirtations, except on a windy day, when a well-dressed gentleman could not stir abroad but had to seek shelter in the playhouse (Colley Cibber). To be the envy of the ring 'was held out as a temptation' to hesitating Mirandas ('The Busy-Body,' *Centlivre*). Poets and play writers have kept its memory green. Here Wilkes and Martin fought on account of a passage in the 'North Briton,' and Wilkes was wounded (1763).

During the Commonwealth the Park was sold, and the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State charged, to Evelyn's great disgust, one shilling for every coach and sixpence for every horse. Oliver Crom-

well, who really seems to have been 'fast' for a Puritan, came as he would say, perhaps, were he living now,—came to grief, in attempting to drive six-in-hand in Hyde Park. The horses had been given to him by the Earl of Oldenburg. Oliver drove pretty handsomely for some time, but provoking the horses too much with the whip, the animals bolted, and his highness was thrown off the box on to the pole, where he lay upon his body until he rolled on to the ground. His foot caught in the tackle, and his pistol went off in his pocket. The report was favourable. He was not much hurt, and was soon about again. Here Sydenham and Cecil laid wait to assassinate Oliver, the hinges of the park gates being filed off to secure their escape, but a divinity hedged a Protector for once.

In Charles II.'s time Hyde Park was, as De Grammont says, the promenade of London. Nothing was so much the fashion during the fine weather; every one, therefore, who had sparkling eyes or splendid equipage repaired thither to see the king, who seemed pleased with the place. Evelyn went to see a coach-race in Hyde Park, having collationed in Spring Gardens; and Pepys carried his wife in a coach of his own, and ate a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk.

George II. granted the privilege to sell victuals to a pilot who saved him from wreck, and also gave his deliverer a silver-gilt ring, still preserved, of course. The curds and whey sold in the Park, fifty years ago, were really delicious! From the time of Henry VIII. duels were—until common-sense would tolerate them no longer—of frequent occurrence in the Park. Lord Mohun here fought the Duke of Hamilton, when the former was killed, and the latter supposed to have been stabbed over Colonel Hamilton's shoulder by Macartney, Mohun's second. Hamilton died before he could leave the Park, and Macartney fled to Hanover, when a reward of 800*l.* was offered for his apprehension. He was afterwards employed by George I. to bring over six thousand Dutch troops at the Preston rebel-

lion. He then surrendered, was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter. Many other encounters took place here, the last in 1822, between the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Buckingham.

The Wellington statue is at the east end of Rotten Row, so called from *rotteran*, 'to muster,' and it might have been a muster-ground during the civil war, when there was a breastwork at Park Lane. A very pleasant muster-ground is Rotten Row still of a summer's evening, and where horse and foot practise what I believe is called 'the art of killing,' and it seems to have been frequented for that purpose by the swell of the past, who—

'Anxious yet timorous his steed to show
To hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row;
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly shy,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off heel insidiously aside
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.'

The statue was cast by Westmacott, from twelve twenty-four pounders, weighing upwards of twenty tons, taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, and is eighteen feet high.

George II. recognizing an old soldier, named Allen, who had fought with him at Dettingen, inquired what he could do for him. Allen, after some hesitation, asked for a permanent apple-stall at Hyde Park Corner. The grant was made, and Allen's stall—a poor tenement—stood there until purchased by Apsley, Lord Bathurst; and so the apple-stall of the old Dettingen soldier grew to be the mansion of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

One Higgins, a tailor, residing in the western suburbs of Westminster, invented a stiff collar with a round hem, and as the folds resembled spear heads, he called it Piccadilly. Investing his fortune in houses, he built many in the street which bears the name of his handicraft, so says Blount, in 1656; but sixty years before, Gerard speaks in his 'Herbal' of the small wild bugloss which grows on the drie banks of Piccadilly. So Higgins seems to have cabbaged the name for his collars.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, who

devoted much pains to searching the rate-books of the metropolis, and to whose labours we have been frequently indebted, discovered that one Richard Baker, devised to his wife Mary, Piccadilly Hall, which stood at the now corners of Windmill Street and Coventry Street, when all the intervening space round about, and to St. Martin's Lane, behind the King's Mews, was open fields, over which, after Lammass, the parishioners had a right of common. Piccadilly Hall became a house of entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks and an upper and lower bowling green. It was pulled down in 1685, but the Fives Court remained to my time; and there the noble art of self-defence

was practised before the noble, the gentle, and the blackguard.

'But the clab pugilistic,
Which held the art static,
In such estimation at last has gone dead.'

About the middle of the Haymarket was a windmill then at the Cawsey Head, and over against the street which preserves its name, stood Shaver's Hall, a gaming-house, built by the barber of the Earl of Pembroke, after Spring Gardens was put down.

Its Tennis Court remains in James Street, Haymarket, and where the door is shown through which Charles II. and Mistress 'Moll' Davis used to enter from the King's Mews.

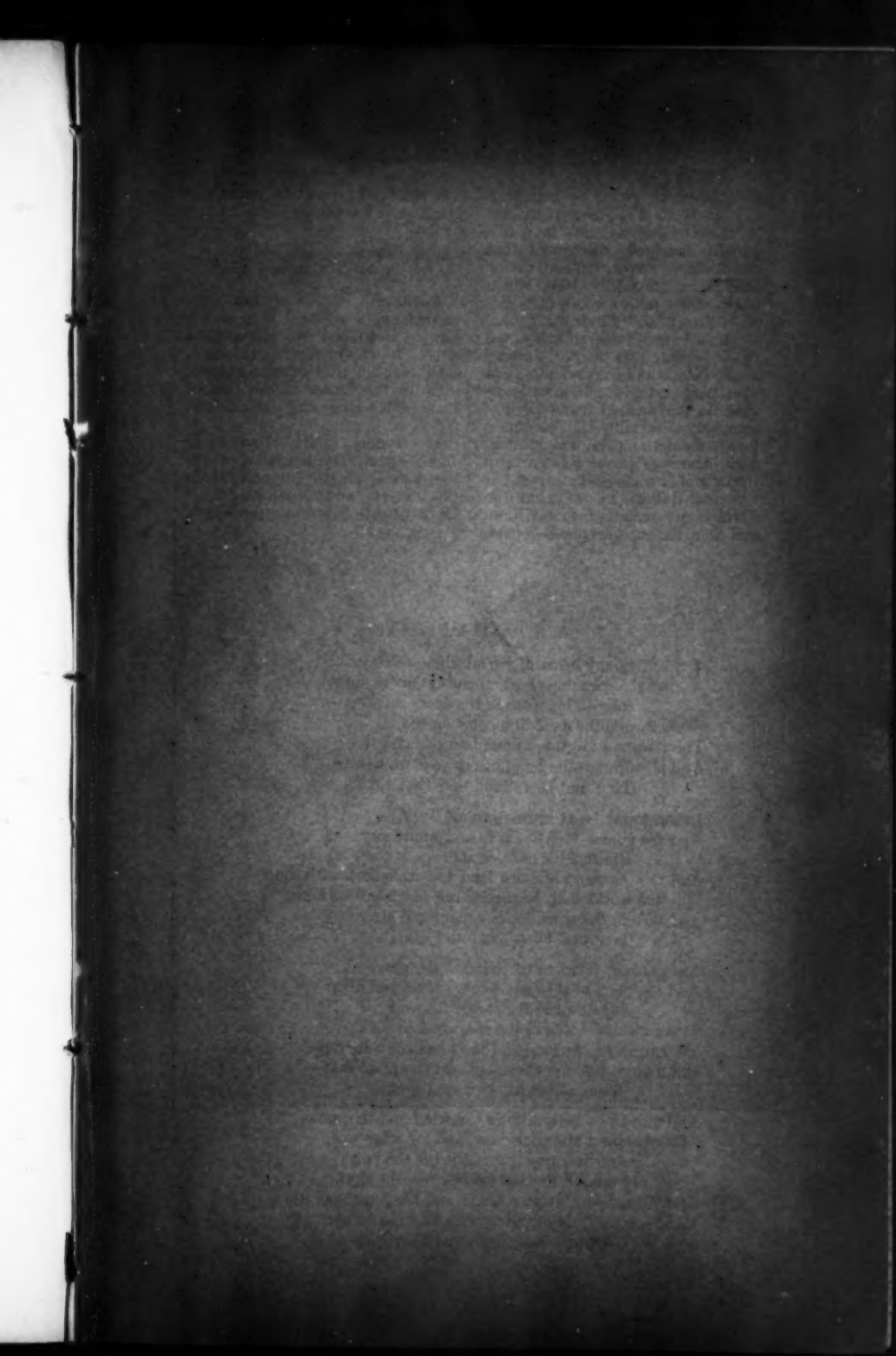
A ROUND OF DAYS.

I SANG to my heart in the sunshine of May,
And the garrulous bird on the sycamore spray
Sang to his mate in the nest;
'Sweetheart, the daffodil blooms on the lea,
The blossoms are thick upon bramble and tree;
And all through the long, merry year we will be
'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

I sang to my heart in the burning July,
And the golden-haired sun in a sapphire sky
Uplifted his fiery crest;
And the thousand-tongued land was melodious with song—
'Oh, the world shall be merry, the days shall be long,
And love in the sunshine is valiant and strong—
'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

I sang to my heart in the wane of the year,
And the glare of the sunset hung lurid and drear
Far down in the sorrowful west;
The nest was forsaken, the sparrow had fled,
The music was hushed and the blossoms were dead;
But a voice through the silence and solitude said—
'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'

And still sings that voice in the wind and the snow,
'There is light after darkness, and joy after woe,
And the love that is tried is the best;
I care not though tempest be black in the sky,
Though the bird may be fickle, and blossoms may die,
What matter? My darling shall find me for aye
'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'





[From a Painting by Mrs. M. Robinson.]

THE EPHEONE

[See the Poem.]



Portrait of a young woman by Mrs. M. J. H. H. H.

THE JOURNAL

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THE EPERGNE.

HEAT! there was heat in Ravenna
 On the last of the days of July;
 The streets were as streets in a furnace,
 As blinding to brain and to eye;
 The light, how it rain'd from the zenith!
 To brave it was simply to die.

The gables and porches fantastic
 Their shadows capriciously cast,
 And, creeping along by the houses,
 A priest or two silently pass'd,—
 Nothing more, till the noon had departed
 And sunset and shade came at last.

Then to steal down the street to a garden,
 All black with the sycamore's gloom,
 Encircling a mansion of granite
 As solemn and square as a tomb,—
 With windows not wider than loopholes
 And portals befitting a tomb.

I could not resist it,—that garden,
 So black in its sycamore night,
 So gloomy and cool and inviting,
 With branches excluding the light,
 With broad waving sycamore branches
 Deliciously cool to the sight.

And there at a window, a curtain
 Of silken embroidery swung,
 With stripings of amber and purple,
 And bullion that heavily hung,—
 And to one of the sycamore branches
 A corner, by accident, clung.

By accident only a corner
 The branch of the sycamore raised,
 And what, if a moment beneath it
 I linger'd and furtively gazed?
 Enough that, entranced and bewildered,
 I hopelessly linger'd and gazed.

Ah! never did man in Ravenna
 More radiant vision behold,—
 A woman with hair like a fountain,
 Sun-lighted and gleaming with gold;
 With features deliciously pensive,
 And form of the Italian mould.

She heard not, she saw not my coming,
 On the task of the moment intent,—
 On a golden epergne she was heaping
 Rich fruits all confusedly blent;
 And alike to the gold and the fruitage
 The charm of her beauty she lent.

The grapes she was poisoning reflected
 The light of her purple-black eyes,
 And the flame of the cheeks of the peaches
 Had part in *her* cheek's burning dyes,—
 But, red to the heart, the pomegranate,
 With lips unsuccessfully vies.

A moment, and only a moment,
 I linger'd to gaze at the room;
 But, far from the blazing Ravenna,
 And far from the aycamore's gloom,
 My heart with its treasures has hoarded
 That scene in the house like a tomb.

And out of the scene of the moment
 A picture it slowly has made,
 Of the face and the fruit it bent over,
 A picture that never will fade,—
 'The Epergne' is the name that I give it,
 This picture that never can fade.

W.S.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE ROYAL ARSENAL.

A SHORT time ago I was sitting over a prolonged breakfast at my club in St. James's, helping my digestion with the morning paper, when my eye was attracted by a grand description of the visit to Woolwich of some distinguished foreign princes, who were the 'lions' of the season, *pro tem*.

There was the usual grand review, and intricate manœuvring, helped out, I have no doubt, by clouds of smoke. General This took the command, ably assisted by Captain That, with half a dozen letters after his name. Splendid sight! galloping of Horse Artillery! firing of big guns! thousands of spectators! and so on, followed by a swell lunch at the R.A. mess, and afterwards a 'minute inspection' (that was the term) of the Royal Arsenal.

Now, I had often wished to see the wonderful machinery, and the other attractions of that remarkable place; and, curiously enough, I had that very morning received a most pressing invitation from my old College chum, Bob —, now quartered at Woolwich, to pay him a visit for that very purpose, and (as he expressed himself) 'do the thing entirely.' He begged me to lose no time, as he was about to retire from the service, but to take the one o'clock train from London Bridge that very day. Nothing loth (after a good lunch to prepare me for the labours before me), I took my ticket for the Arsenal Station, by the North Kent railway, and was soon looking down chim-

neys and passing through many unpleasant odours, seated in a not over-comfortable carriage.

The open country we never reached; and all the way down the line the natives seemed to be busily engaged in bricks and mortar, as if London were not large enough, and no time should be lost in doubling its size. Arrived at my destination, I met my spruce military friend, whose warm greeting was rather too much for my lavender kids, the pipe-clay from his regimental gloves leaving a very decided mark upon them.

(Query, why do military men still so delight in pipe-clay?—can no substitute be found for that obnoxious dust?)

As we emerged from the station, a stream of men and boys were all hurrying in one direction; these were the workmen going back to the Arsenal after their dinner. We joined the crowd, which was increasing every moment from every bye-street, like a river making its way to the sea; and proceeding in the direction of a bell which was loudly ringing, we found ourselves in a wide open square, covered by a mass of human beings steering for a pair of large iron gates. Loud cries from itinerant venders of apples, nuts, &c., rang through the air; and my friend seizing me by the arm, we were carried by the throng through the gateway, and emerged almost breathless on the other side. Here we paused to recover. Bob arranged his uniform, and agreed

with me that another time, perhaps, it would be better to enter either before or after the workmen.

We saw the crowd inside diverging in opposite directions, taking the various roads which led to their several workshops; and, whilst waiting for the men to commence their work, Bob gave me the history of the spot upon which we stood.

'Long, long ago, a dense forest extended from Shooter's Hill down to the river, close to the fishing hamlet of Woolwich, part of which was, by some ancient speculator, turned into a rabbit-warren (the street close by is still called Warren Lane), and no one seems to have had any idea as to its future greatness, till the year 1716, when a sad accident occurred at the Royal Cannon Foundry at Moorfields, in London. Some captured French guns were being melted down and re-cast; and, a short time previous to the furnace being tapped, a Swiss-German officer named Schalech saw that the moulds were damp, and informed the superintendent of it: he was, however, only laughed at for his pains; but the metal on entering the moulds was blown in every direction; the building was destroyed, and several of those present perished at the time. Schalech was now inquired for by the Government, and requested to select a site for a new foundry further from town; and he pitched upon the Warren at Woolwich. Suitable buildings were soon erected, and the successful Schalech placed in charge, where he remained for many years. Such was the beginning of the Royal Arsenal, which has gradually grown so as to cover

300 acres of ground, and to give employment to 5000 men and boys, assisted by the labours of upwards of 100 steam-engines. It was the Crimean war, however, which extended the Arsenal to its present size. Economy had reduced our warlike stores to the lowest possible ebb, and therefore, when the emergency arose, the augmentation was all the greater, and 15,000 men and boys worked day and night to supply the missiles for Sebastopol.

Mr. Gladstone has now brought the numbers down to barely 5000, many of whom are pensioned soldiers. They are a well-conducted and orderly body of men, never having a strike or combination against their employers, and earning good average wages, mostly by piece-work. They are drawn from all parts of the country; the common labourers being principally Irish, and the more skilled artisans Scotch. They are obliged to be under forty years of age before their admission, and are kept very strictly down to certain rules and regulations. For instance, a man may absent himself from his work for twenty hours in a month, without any fault being found with him, but if he takes more he is liable to be discharged. They have fifty-six working-hours in the week; and when from pressure of business these are extended, they receive half as much pay again for the overtime. During the Crimean war, they often worked throughout two nights in the week in addition to the usual day-labour.

As soon as a man is engaged, three metal tickets, with a number upon each, are given him; thus—

27

27

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the first one having only his number upon it; the second, one mark additional; the third, two marks: so, on coming to his work at six o'clock in the morning, he leaves his first

ticket: on his return after breakfast, the second; after dinner the third; and before going home at night a boy comes round and restores his three tickets again.

The ticket-clerk keeps a record of each man; and in this manner a late-comer or an absentee is easily detected.

By this time there were only a few stragglers to be seen; we followed the direction of the larger stream, and saw them pouring through a doorway into their factory, each man depositing, at a little pay-wicket, the aforesaid ticket.

We first looked into an old-fashioned building, the delight of our friend Schalech, many years ago (where the brass guns were cast before Armstrong was heard of); and a beautiful sight it must have been to see the bronze metal pouring and seething into the upright moulds, changing its colour every minute! Now, alas! the glory of this building is departed. Brass has given way to steel, and nothing but a few insignificant castings mark the spot so much esteemed in bygone days.

Passing on to the next doorway, which was opened to us by a one-armed porter (his other arm having been severed by a shell in the trenches of Sebastopol), we entered a large factory, filled with revolving wheels and bands. There were lathes for about 500 men, driven by two large engines; many of these, however, were at this time unoccupied.

A small side-room first attracted our attention, where lead was being made into coils, ready for the bullet-machine in the large factory. This machine took the leaden rope, bit it into small pieces about an inch long, squeezed them into shape, and rifle bullets made their appearance in a little box on the floor. In this manner, 30,000 bullets a day were made for the Enfield rifle. The men worked hard indeed, losing no time, as they were paid by the piece. Their wages might average twenty-five shillings a week; mere labourers receiving their fourteen shillings and upwards, and artisans thirty shillings and more.

As we sauntered down the room, some were busy drilling shot and shell, while others were making metal fuzes of all kinds to explode them. We also noticed at the end

of the room several small cutting lathes, which were fed by boys with long sticks of boxwood. These were soon eaten up; and as a quantity of shavings appeared the only result, I was wondering what had become of all the wood, when a boy pulled open a drawer from underneath, nearly full of little plugs, which fit into the Enfield rifle bullet, to improve its practice. There were about twenty of these machines, and the boy said he thought they could make a million and a half in a week.

Bob explained to me that the Royal Arsenal was divided into three manufacturing departments—*i.e.*, Laboratory, Gun, and Carriage—each presided over by an officer of the Royal Artillery. There was also the Store Department, which occupied a large space, and employed many hands.

Everywhere we came across fire-plugs and boxes on wheels, housed under scarlet-coloured tarpaulin. We were told that there was an abundant supply of water always, at a pressure of 100 lb. to the inch, and so effective were the precautions taken, that no serious fire had ever occurred.

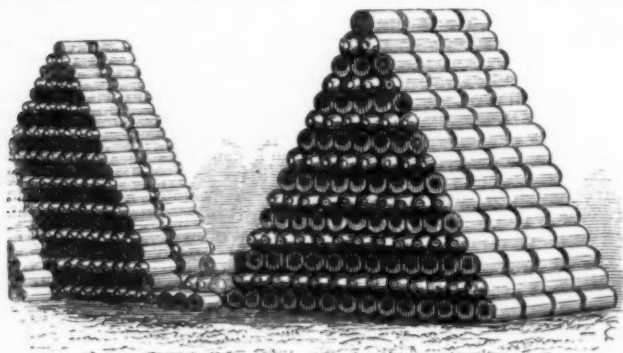
Escaping from the dreadful whirl of these numberless wheels, we mounted some outside stairs, and entered the powder-barrel factory. It was most interesting to see the wood, which was already cut into proper lengths, placed in a circular drum-shaped saw, the teeth of which formed it into staves. The round tops and bottoms were made in another lathe; and then, by hydraulic pressure, these different parts were all compressed into a perfect barrel, ready to receive the hoops, which were easily hammered on afterwards. The workman at the principal machine said he could put a barrel together in four minutes.

We now retraced our steps, and crossed over the road to the paper factory, a very warm and steamy place, containing large tanks full of pulp. This was sucked by exhaustion upon metal fingers, already supplied with woollen gloves; and after being dried by steam, on extracting the glove, the paper cart-

ridge was found complete and ready to receive its bullet.

Upstairs we found boys busy at this operation; *i.e.*, placing a bullet in each paper case, and tying it up to receive the powder, which is kept in sheds in a remote part of the Arsenal, far away from the workshops. Here were also the copper cap machines, supplied by boys with long bands of pure copper, which were drawn into the machine, and there cut into crosses by punches; they then fell into a die, which doubled them up into the well-known shape (it scarcely took a moment!), and the finished caps were dropping out more rapidly than you could count them. Boys

are again employed to fit them into a perforated metal tray, and this is handed over to a sedate-looking old workman, who has charge of the dangerous composition with which they are filled. How carefully he ladles a bare handful of this white powder into a little wooden bowl, placing himself inside a railed off space, which encloses his machine. Down goes the tray of empty caps beneath a silver-looking plate, perforated with small holes, under each of which lies a cap; a small wooden spade then spreads the composition on the topmost plate, filling up each orifice, and every surplus grain is most scrupulously returned to the bowl, which is locked up as



ARMSTRONG SHOT.

before. By means of a gentle screw, the tray of caps is now slowly lowered and removed to a neighbouring machine, where each cap is subjected to a pressure of 800 lbs. (one exploded during this operation, and startled me not a little); a coating of shell-lac gives the finishing touch, rendering them impervious to moisture. An accident once occurred at another of these cap-filling machines from some unexplained cause; as the workman was ladling up the surplus composition, it suddenly exploded, driving the fragments of his machine in every direction, and taking off, at the same time, three fingers of the unfortunate man's hand, besides burning him dreadfully in the face. No one else was

injured in the factory; but had not the rules for using so little of this dangerous ingredient been strictly carried out, many lives would have fallen a sacrifice.

Gladly leaving this heated atmosphere, we took the road to old Father Thames. He was as dirty as ever, despite the main drainage, and a seething mass ran past us on its way to the sea. The riverside presented a busy scene. Large cranes lined the whole length of the wharf wall, many of them busily engaged in loading and unloading the barges and small steamers which lay alongside. Near these cranes is a long iron-roofed shed, under whose protecting care lay a number of guns, warlike stores, &c.,

labelled for different parts of our extended empire. Gun-carriages for Portsmouth and Malta, tin cases for Gibraltar, shot and shell for New Zealand, old guns from Leith Fort, new ones for Hong Kong and Canada, and heaps of rusty shot and shell from Corfu and Zante.

At the back of this shed are millions of cannon balls, piled one above the other in pyramidal heaps, round shot for guns, larger ones still for mortars and the more impudent looking Armstrongs, ready for any emergency. Bob said they generally kept three million of these little things, in case they might be wanted in a hurry.

The round shot are brought down to the shore for exportation on a raised kind of railway, along which they are rolled by men placed at various intervals.

In the centre of the wharf is a long pier, shaped like the letter T, which reaches far into the river; the larger ships were lying here, having their stores brought to them by trucks running on a tramway. So convenient is this pier for landing and embarking from at all stages of the tide, that not only do the soldiers of the garrison make use of it, but Royalty itself often graces it with its presence.

We now turned off to the right, and stood facing an enormous mortar, certainly fifteen feet high; two large shells, evidently belonging to it, were lying at its base. Bob explained to me that this was one of the once famous mortars constructed by Mr. Mallet, which were to reduce Sebastopol to ashes in a few days; the shells, weighing 3000 lbs., and loaded with a charge of 400 lbs. of powder, were to fly for miles and to burst on falling like a small mine, carrying death and destruction in every direction. The drawings and plans of this monster were laid before the scientific committee for proving inventions; they shook their wise heads, and said it was altogether wrong in principle, and would never answer. Government, however, had made up their minds to give them a trial, and they were ordered; but alas! when fired, they would come to pieces, and these

large shells could not be made to go as far as a common mortar. These experiments must have cost the nation some 20,000*l.*, and the mortars themselves never left Woolwich. Close to this useless giant were some curious guns captured in the late Chinese war: they were lined inside with wrought iron tubes—'Just what we are doing now to our old guns,' said Bob, 'to try and make them strong enough to bear rifling.' Their wheel tires were studded with large-headed nails, which made one think how painful it would be to be run over by them!

More of poor John Chinaman's spoils were scattered around us. Large bronze guns, covered with tea-chest-looking inscriptions, and embellished with drawings of butterflies, stags, and storks. Wonderful people!

A few yards further were two Russian guns upon their iron carriages, just as they were found in the Redan on that memorable morning: no wonder the poor things were left behind! They were almost battered to pieces by our shot, which had cut great grooves in them, and even entered their very mouths.

A solemn shade passed over Bob's countenance, and sad memories of a bygone day were roused by the sight of these now silent foes. I knew he had borne his part on that fatal morning which brought sorrow and grief to many a fond heart at home, and had been present when so many of his former comrades were laid side by side beneath the earthworks of that great Redan.

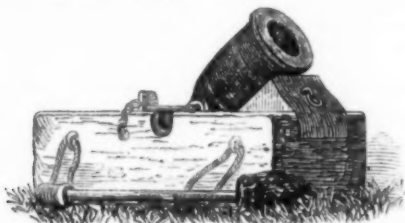
We now entered a large building close by—the harness store—filled with piles upon piles of horses' shoes, saddles, gun and cavalry harness, and such like; the roof was garnished with pendant curb chains looking like a steel graper, and everything was order and neatness personified. Here were 20,000 sets of artillery harness, and any number of cavalry saddles and bridles. How many large rooms we passed through, all full to the ceiling, I don't know, but they seemed endless. Astonished at these vast supplies, I asked Bob if we had any other arsenal.

'This is truly the only one,' said he, 'for the Portsmouth Arsenal is but an insignificant affair, and, would you believe it? though the country is now so busily engaged fortifying all the dockyards, this most important place is left all but defenceless; there is nothing whatever to prevent the enemy coming up the river Thames with their small steel-plated steamers and firing Woolwich, and then we should be in a pretty mess. There would not be time to move one-fiftieth of the stores now accumulated here, and all the valuable machinery and workshops would fall a prey to the flames. There are certainly fortifications at Sheerness, but the ships need not go near them; the Thames is wide enough

to let small steamers pass on the other side, and the batteries at Gravesend and Tilbury are not worth much, while there are none whatever at Woolwich.'

We found in one of these stores a very curious gun in the shape of a fish; it had formerly belonged to the late King of Delhi, was captured when that place fell during the Indian mutiny, and afterwards placed in the Arsenal by the late Lord Canning. It certainly seemed more ornamental than useful.

Close by were wooden mules with little guns strapped upon their backs, angry-looking varminths! they are light and handy little things though, and capable of much mischief.



A COLBORN MORTAR.

Other mules were provided with ambulances for carrying the sick and wounded, consisting of a kind of pannier on each side of the animal, or else mere stretchers, which doubled up and formed a sort of arm-chair. Bob told me these were not so much used in the Crimea as waggons with trays, upon which the poor fellows were laid, and pulled in and out like drawers; they were more comfortable for the worst cases than those on the backs of animals, which, from the perpetual jolting, shake the sufferer most painfully.

Other dummy mules were carrying miniature forges, others boxes of horse-shoes; in fact, everything that would be required for mountain warfare.

On leaving these immense stores, we wended our way once more along the river wall, and on reaching the end, my guide remarked that we were approaching the cemetery,

where were deposited the remains of those who had been destroyed by accident.

Wondering why the poor fellows had not been decently interred in the churchyard, I inquired whether the ground was consecrated? He laughed most heartily, saying, 'Oh, dear, no! it's the *guns* I'm talking about.' Sure enough, they were all laid out in regular rows, their broken limbs reverently placed together; and it was curious to notice how they had nearly all burst in the same way. One piece of the gun flies forward, another backwards, and the sides separate laterally. Some of these accidents had been fatal to the gunners employed: but, as the Armstrong gun does not burst, but only opens out at the joinings, it is hoped these calamities will cease. Many of these old guns, however, had been burst on purpose for experiment.

Close upon the cemetery I saw

six huge breech-loading guns; the great round breech was made to slide back, and then, the charge being inserted, it was closed up again. 'These are Yankee swindles,' said Bob; 'for in the time of the Crimean war, a cute Yankee came over with a small model of a breech-loading gun which was to do wonders; our Government, anxious to get hold of anything that would floor Sebastopol, bought the patent, and ordered six guns from the inventor. They were to throw a shot ten inches in diameter, and the Yankee was to have so much per lb. weight for them; but the specification was not carefully enough worded; our people expected them to weigh about three tons, so you may fancy their astonishment when these monsters arrived at Woolwich, weighing some 17 tons each. Of course they could not be moved, much less used, and there they are just as they left the ship! I wonder our people did not try to resell them to the Yankees when their little war broke out.

We continued our route, and arrived at the gun-field. Thirty thousand smooth-bores were lying in long rows upon railway iron: considering how many of them must now be useless, it is no wonder that many of the bases of the lamp-posts in Woolwich are nothing but old guns.

Workmen were putting new touch-holes into some, and examining the insides of others to see whether they were fit for use. In a corner rested some ancient relics of the deep—old iron guns which had been fished up some time back from the briny. They belonged when new to the 'Mary Rose,' lost in the days of the eighth Harry. They seemed mere pigmies to the giants by which they were surrounded; and the thought struck me that even these very monsters, at some future day, might be mere playthings as compared to later inventions.

My attention was now directed to a range of workshops, in which such a clatter of banging and thumping was going on, accompanied by clouds of smoke and steam, that I did not like to venture in. These

were the head-quarters of the great Armstrong, whose name, not long ago known scarcely beyond Newcastle, has now become a household word to many nations. Bob surprised me by saying that so great was the secret of this invention when it was first brought out, that even the gallant artillery general who then commanded at Woolwich was not allowed to witness the process of manufacture. He and his staff were one day actually seen waiting outside this very workshop, while some foreign princes who happened to be provided with a special order from our Government, were admitted and had everything explained to them. But the whole thing is well known to everybody now. It is supposed that other nations do not manufacture them, either because they think they have a better gun of their own, or that they have not the machinery or mechanics to make them.

Outside the factory, men were busy unloading waggons filled with bars of tough-looking iron, about 12 feet long and 2 inches broad; inside, these bars were joined together by welding, then placed in an oven till red hot, and afterwards drawn out and wound like a rope round an iron drum, thus forming a coil of metal. A little further, we saw this coil in its second stage; it had been again heated in a furnace, and the Nasmyth hammer was now forcing the iron into one mass, till it became a cylinder of unbroken metal; two of these cylinders were then hammered together, and so on till the rough gun was complete.

I must not, however, omit to mention one of the centre coils, to which were attached the arms or trunnions which support the gun upon its carriage. The hammering of this mass was conducted in another foundry; and when we arrived it had already been well beaten, and was just about to issue once more from its furnace for another welding. A long iron bar, as a handle, was fastened to it; and on opening the furnace-door, there it lay, so white with heat, we could scarcely look at it. Twenty men now seized the bar, a crane was

set to work, and the glowing metal emerging from its den, was carefully laid down upon its iron bed, under the most ponderous hammer I had ever seen; it came down with a crash that made the ground tremble under our feet, and is so powerful that it is capable of striking a blow of 200 tons, notwithstanding which it can be managed with such delicacy as to crack a nut without bruising the kernel.

It is said that 1000 tons of different material were laid down to form a foundation for the bed, but the soil being marshy, the tremulous motion is felt at a great distance.

At the first blow we were covered with sparks, which, however, became fewer as the metal cooled; the heat found a refuge in the twenty workmen. Poor fellows! how they perspired, and how exhausted they were when, after a good hammering, our friend was returned to his den for another heating.

Half cooked and half stunned, I followed Bob through many other factories where these guns were being turned, and rifled, and drilled: I do not, however, remember much about them, except that I brought away with me a beautiful long curl, which had been culled, not from the locks of the chief engineer, but from the pate of a brawny Armstrong who was being Bantingized down to his proper size by a steel chisel, which stuck to the helpless creature like a leech, and from which there was no escape.

How pretty the baby Armstrongs were as I saw them, spick and span in the finishing-room, where men with delicate hands and accurate vision were giving them the last touches prior to their being removed to the proving butt.

The large ones are tested by firing off a bar of iron weighing 1000 lbs., and if they stand the test of such an explosion ten times without injury, they are considered fit for use.

We now turned our backs on guns and our faces towards shot and shell. Small waggons filled with old iron, lumps of chalk, &c., were being emptied into a furnace, and a grunt of delight, accompanied

by yellow-bluish flames issuing from its mouth, told us how these delicacies had been appreciated.

On the other side of this furnace a man crept up, and with a long iron rod removed the clay stopper, and out poured the molten metal, like fiery soup, into an iron caldron, which was wheeled off when full and replaced by another. From these the moulds were filled, and after a short interval for cooling, they were taken outside, where pale-faced men with bare arms and flannel gloves removed the rivets and tossed out the red-hot shot into the sand to cool. These men had numerous scars upon their arms, and said it was too hot and weakening to protect them by wearing flannel sleeves; but not long ago an officer had recommended them to use whitening for their burns, and it had succeeded so well that they now kept a boxful always ready for use, and plastered it over the wound directly after the accident.

As we passed out of this factory we admired the beautiful metal gates, and then, wending our way through immense piles of timber, we reached the sawing-mills. As we approached, the noise was deafening, and a steel wheel, covered with sharp teeth, and revolving at a marvellous rate, rose from some underground habitation, and made its way towards a goodly oak lying on the ground; quickly it passed through it, cutting it in two parts in as many minutes. The severed block was then laid upon a moveable frame, which conveyed it under seven or eight upright saws, and these, when set to work, very soon disposed of the noble stem, dividing it into eight or nine stout planks. Alas! there was no one to cry 'Woodman, spare that tree.'

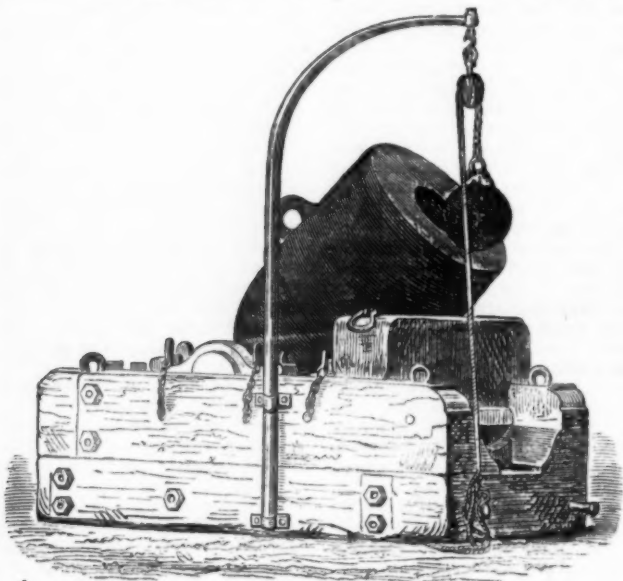
Close by is the wheel-factory, where the different parts of the wheels are cut out by machinery and then pressed together.

In the adjoining yard we found a Turkish tombstone, with its curious characters written in gold upon a slab of granite, the top of which had been shaped into a fez and coloured scarlet. Bob told me how the poor Turks lost their tomb-

stones, principally during the night, in the Crimean war time, and many of them may now be seen erected as trophies in English gardens.

By this time I was getting very tired, and declared that I must give in; but Bob would not hear of my going away without seeing the carriage factory, which we had not yet visited. Here were all kinds of carriages in different stages of manufacture—carriages for guns and pontoons, waggons for bread, waggons for wounded, waggons for stores,

carts for shot and shell, &c. &c. My eye was attracted by two old-fashioned looking little guns, which bore this inscription: 'These guns and carriages were made in the Royal Arsenal, 1782, and were presented by King George III. in 1792 to the Emperor of China, and delivered to him by the Ambassador Lord Macartney. They were afterwards captured in the Emperor's Palace in Peking in 1860, and returned to the Royal Arsenal after an absence in a tropical climate of 69 years, per-



GUS-BEAT MORTAR.

fectly sound and good in every respect.' Thus giving no mean testimony to the durability of the work turned out in these Government establishments.

We took a look also at the large model-room belonging to this department, where there was a model (real size) of a ship-mortar, the same kind as those which burst so dreadfully at the bombardment of Sweaborg. There was also a block of elm which had been sawn in two, and in the centre was a cavity con-

taining a bird's nest with two eggs in it, one a tomtit's, the other a sparrow's: they must have been there nearly a hundred years, judging by the age of the tree.

I paused for a moment to ask what was the cost of these vast establishments. Bob did not know the cost of the Arsenal alone, but the estimates last year for manufacturing departments and materials at home and abroad came to about a million and a half. It was more the year before, but some thousand

workmen had been dismissed, thus enabling the Government to reduce our income tax a penny in the pound, while, on the other hand, many families of those poor artisans had been subjected to dreadful privations before they could find work elsewhere. These men are only entitled to pension after ten years' service, when they may obtain 1-60th of their wages, and after twenty years 1-6th, and so on. In a case of accidental death, the family would receive a bonus from the War Office according to rank.

It was now time for us to take our departure. We passed by the small hospital where cases of accidents are received and attended to, and on reaching the main gates we stopped to examine the beautiful Maltese gun standing there as if to defend the entrance. It was captured at Malta, and is nearly twenty feet in length. On the gun itself is engraved the archangel St. Michael spearing Satan, who is falling backwards; and on the carriage, St. Paul shaking off the venomous serpent into the flames. The inscription stated that the gun was made by the Knights of Malta in the year 1607.

At this moment the clock struck

six. We had actually been four hours going round.

Once more the great bell rang; again hundreds issued from every quarter and poured in an enormous stream through the gates.

A row of policemen formed across the outlet, allowing the crowd of men and boys to filter through them, and tapping such of them on the shoulder as they thought looked suspiciously bulky or had large coats or bundles. The selected one at once diverged from the stream, and entered a side-door, where he was searched by the police to see if he had anything belonging to Government in his possession. Strict as this search is, the pilfering is very considerable. It is easy enough for a man to place a few copper nails in his hair, and if he did this every time he left his work, the Government would have lost no small sum of money at the end of the year.

Right glad was I to find myself once more seated in the train. The indefatigable Bob was as fresh as ever! He told me that, although I had visited but a part of that vast establishment, yet I should still carry away with me a pretty good idea of the whole—and I thought so too.

SOCIETY IN SEPTEMBER.

OH blest by the multitude toiling for gain,
 Oh blest by the Poultry and Chancery Lane,
 Oh hoped for and planned for the rest of the year,
 Who does not rejoice that September is here?

Full sweetly the tender leaves open in May,
 Right softly the linnnet announces the day;
 And, fresh as the fancies of maidenly mind,
 All Nature is lovely and peaceful and kind.

But lost are the tender leaves opening in May
 For those who are kept in their office all day;
 And vainly the linnnet doth pipe from the thorn
 For men who have business with Chaplin and Horne.

Then June it is gorgeous, July is divine,
 And August is often quite gloriously fine.
 Alas! it is one of the saddest of sell,
 The months above mentioned were made for the swells!

Then welcome September! What, wanting thy larks,
 Pray what would become of solicitors' clerks?
 Or, tell me, of happiness what would the sum be
 Enjoyed by the foreman of Hoby and Humby?

There are, who surrounded by *bulls* and by *bears*,
 Long to wind up a salmon instead of affairs;
 Who, life all embittered by *canards* and *rooks*,
 Wish salmon and brokers were on their own hooks!

Some, weary with books, and yet longing to read,
 (They surely want neither the *will* nor the *deed*),
 With *London Society*, *Baker*, and *Holt*,
 Feel really the strongest temptation to bolt.

Others, tied to a desk with very short tether,
 Think daily of heath, and dream nightly of heather;
 Or, raising the muzzle in Norfolk again,
 'Hollo!' shouts the keeper, 'a hen, sir, a hen!'

With six olive boughs in a state of dependence,
 'Twere vain to imagine 'No charge for attendance';
 Your shopkeeper married 's no wonderful roamer,
 And seldom gets very much further than Cromer.

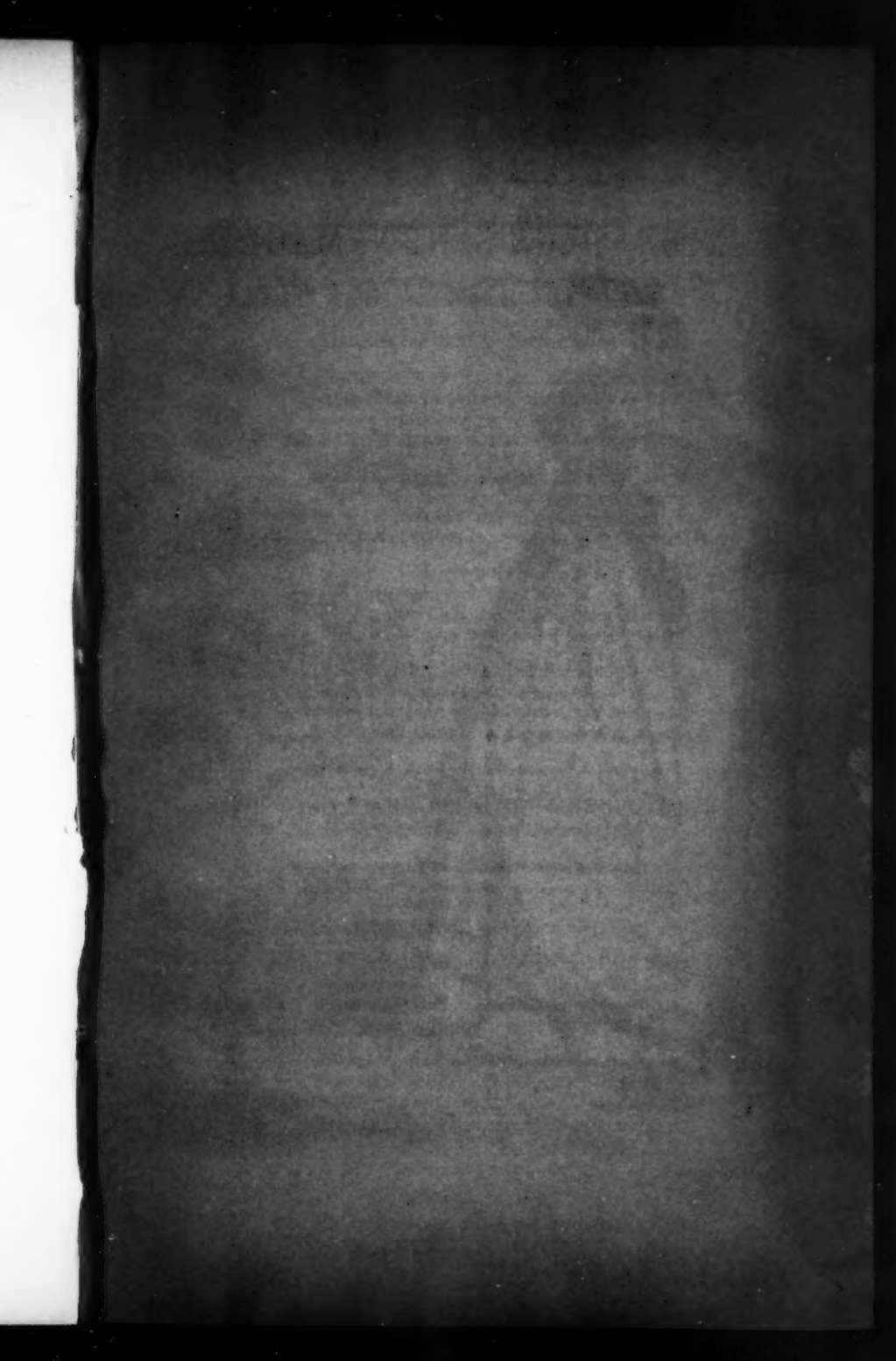
The artist of Newman Street—fourth is his story—
 Who longs to be sure that '*anch'io pittore*,'
 Finds just at this time that his customers ain't on,
 And gladly escapes with his brushes to Paignton.

One class I've omitted to notice above—
 The sort of young gentleman always in love,
 Who late for Brunhilda in misery sighing,
 And past every want but a corner for dying,

Said, 'Nothing from memory ere can erase ye,
 Life's hateful. Oh, rather I'd claim *eu-than-asia*!'
 At Ilfracombe meeting sweet Emily Keighton,
 You'll hardly believe it—they're married at Brighton!

You see that our month to the weary brings rest,
 And surely that month of all months is the best.
 Then, readers, one toast at your banquets remember,
 And toss off a glass to the month of September!

A. G. D.





Drawn by Rud. Grer.]

TO A FLIRT.

"Fare thee, Lily, cease thy cruel sport;
Send foolish hearts unharmed away;
So shalt thou find a husband's clinging arm,
Ere sober autumn turns thy hair to gray."

[See page 272.]

